

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES

# LEISURE HOURS;

OR

## ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES,

BETWEEN PERSONS EMINENT FOR  
VIRTUE AND MAGNANIMITY.

THE CHARACTERS DRAWN

FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY.

Designed as

### Lessons of Morality

FOR

### YOUTH.

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BY PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.

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THE FIFTH EDITION.

London:

PRINTED FOR DARTON, HARVEY, AND DARTON,  
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1812.

LEISURE HOURS

OR

A SELECTED SERIES OF

LECTURES

ON

THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES

AND

THE HISTORY OF

THE

YOUTH

OF THE

UNITED STATES

AND

THE HISTORY OF

THE

1812

*Kate Rae*

P R E F A C E.

*July 92*

**L**ONG experience has shown the utility of exhibiting the principles of moral virtue, under the impressive form of example, by selecting, from the page of history, the most striking events in the lives of those who have obtained the esteem of their contemporaries, and the veneration of posterity, by their superior merit.

The human mind, though too liable to deviate in practice from the standard of rectitude implanted in the bosom of each individual, is nevertheless, whilst uncorrupted by erroneous opinions, formed to the love of virtue; and so forcible is the effect of the natural admiration of what is truly excellent, when strengthened by the interesting combination of narrative and character, that the influence of such impressions,

in forming the bent of future conduct, cannot be estimated. It is no improbable chimera, that many of those, who have become illustrious models for others to imitate, owe that distinction, in part, to the generous emotions, excited in youth, by the perusal of some memorable action congenial to the turn of their disposition. The promotion of so laudable an end, may be deemed a sufficient apology for the following collection; but the author presumes that a skilful teacher will also find it adapted to the instruction of children in several other things, which, though of less importance, are still essentially necessary.

Each dialogue will furnish an opportunity of advancing the pupils in the knowledge of history, by requiring them to learn, as a task, not only the age, nation, and country, in which the circumstance, forming the story of the piece, happened, but also the chain of events with which it is connected, either as giving rise to, or

following it as its consequence. The form of conversation, supported by several persons, is particularly well calculated for the exercise of reading aloud, as it supplies frequent occasions of acquiring the various inflexions of voice, necessary to express the different emotions of the speakers; an art, which may be said to constitute the principal excellence of a reader; for an automation may be constructed to repeat the words, and mark the pauses of mere narrative. These dialogues may be rendered useful in schools, as an assistance to the children, in gaining a habit of speaking with clearness and energy, by allowing them to be read as lessons, in companies of as many as are required to fill the characters. It is likely that their attention will be fixed to the book, by the interest of the story, and that a proper spirit of emulation will animate the readers to support their respective parts, with the same propriety as their associates. Exclusive of every other pretension, it lays claim to that

of offering at least an *innocent* amusement to the juvenile class of readers ; to many of whom the subjects of which it treats may have the charm of novelty, or, if known, may be rendered productive of more entertainment, from the peculiar manner of their representation. To blend instruction with pleasure has been the object of the work ; how far this end is attained, in its execution, must be left to the judgment of the public ; but if the author may be allowed to flatter herself with having succeeded in her design, by the encouragement given to the former editions, she has great reason for being satisfied with her attempt.



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# LEISURE HOURS;

OR,

## ENTERTAINING DIALOGUES.

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CORNELIA AND CAMPANIAN LADY,

**CORNELIA**, a lady of distinguished rank among the Romans, was rendered still more eminent by her virtues. She lost her husband early, who left her two sons, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, to whose education she devoted the principal part of her time, in the bloom of life. By the noble principles of freedom and true patriotism, with which she inspired them, they became the defenders of the liberty of the people, against the usurpations of the nobles, or patricians; and both lost their lives in civil tumults. They excelled in all the polite accomplishments and

learning of their age, were adorned with many virtues, but were hurried on to their lamented fate, by an intemperate zeal, which required the restraints of prudence and moderation. The following conversation is supposed to have passed between this lady and a fair Campanian, devoted to pleasure and the love of trifles. The sentiments of each display the contrast of their respective characters, and place the chaste matron, occupied in forming the minds of her children, in a very superior point of view, to the mere woman of fashion.

*Cornelia reading, the Campanian Lady enters the room, attended by a slave, carrying a casket.*

CAMPANIAN. Good morning to you, my dear Cornelia, I have been calling on several of my friends, to show them a fine set of jewels, with which my husband has lately presented me, and I could not resolve to return home, till I had brought them for your approbation. They are very valuable, and

set in the newest taste; you must admire them, or I shall be half angry with you. Slave, open the box; place the casket on the table, dispose the jewels in order, and retire.

CORNELIA. They are very beautiful indeed; the lustre of the diamonds is exquisite: but they will receive new beauties, when set off by the grace of the lovely wearer. I thank you for the pleasure of such an agreeable sight; and cannot but admire the productions of nature, wherever she displays her powers: whether we gaze upon the splendours of a spangled sky, or explore the recesses of the dark mine, we are equally beset with wonders, and our eye gratified by the contemplation of new objects, far more excellent in their colour, form, and texture; than the finest works of art.

CAMPANIAN. How grave you are! away with your reflections; I did not come for a philosophical disquisition, but that you might flatter me that my jewels were well chosen. The compliments of a person of your distinguished taste, would afford me more satis-

faction than the approbation of half the town. I have no time to consider where, or how they were produced. They are mine now, and my thoughts are wholly engrossed by the pleasure of excelling every rival; none of my friends will stand in competition with me. I long for the next public assembly, when I shall outshine every body.—But I am running on without consideration; forgive my impertinence, perhaps your jewels are equally worthy of admiration. Will you favour me with a sight of them?

CORNELIA. With pleasure; nor do I fear to stand the test, as I think my own much superior, and have not the smallest apprehension that their value will be diminished by the comparison. Excuse my retiring for a few minutes, and I will bring them.

CAMPANIAN. I wonder what she is going to display. I never heard that she possessed any jewels. She has not even a pretence to taste in dress; were her ornaments ever so elegant, she would not know how to put them on. She can have nothing but a few trumpery

beads: how can she think of comparing them with jewels of such exquisite value and beauty as these!

*Cornelia returns, leading her two sons, one in each hand.*

CORNELIA. Behold my dress, my jewels, my chief ornaments! which I would not exchange for all the diamonds of the eastern mines; here I have no competitor, but shine unrivalled. Maternal feelings animate my mind beyond the love of personal attractions. My time, my attention, my best faculties are all occupied in the delightful task of forming their young minds to the practice of virtue, and the love of knowledge. Already they amply repay my cares, by their obedience and affection, and the dawning of those great qualities, which I fondly hope will one day render them illustrious citizens, glowing with the love of their country, and devoting their talents to its service; ready to sacrifice their dearest interests, nay, their very lives, if necessary, to the defence of its laws and liberties.—

## MARGARET OF ANJOU.

**M**MARGARET of Anjou, Queen to Henry the Sixth of England, was a woman of great abilities and masculine courage, which she displayed on many trying occasions, in the severe contests between her husband and the house of York. She frequently headed the troops in person, and fought several desperate battles. On one occasion, being defeated, and obliged to flee with her infant son, she had no resource but to conceal herself in a lonely forest, where she met with the following incident, when, by her fortitude and presence of mind, she saved herself and the young prince from immediate destruction.

*A Forest, Robbers at a distance, one of them advancing with a poignard in his hand. Queen Margaret passing through the trees, with the young prince in her arms.*

QUEEN. Alas! when will my misery end? Pursued by enemies from every quarter, I



have taken refuge in this desolate forest. My husband a prisoner, my army defeated, I should be bereft of every gleam of hope, were it not for this precious infant, whom I consider as preserved by Providence, to restore the lost honour of the house of Lancaster, and destined one day to fill the throne of his ancestors. — Horror! what do I see! a murderer advancing to destroy us! Whither shall I escape from his destructive arm. Flight is impracticable; my weary limbs are scarcely able to support my infant from step to step. This desert affords no hope of assistance; there is but a moment to deliberate: what shall I do, or how determine? Though a robber, he may not be destitute of native generosity. I will trust to that presumption, discover myself, and rely upon his honour. [*She advances, and addresses herself to the Robber.*]

Stranger! let our forlorn and unprotected situation claim thy generosity. Thou hast an opportunity of making thy fortune, that thou mayst never meet with again. Behold the only remaining pledge of the house of Lancaster, the son of thy king. I consign him

to thy care: carry him to a place of safety, and, as thou valuest thy life, defend him from every enemy, and preserve him from every danger.

15  
 ROBBER. Is this infant the Prince of Wales, and are you our gracious Queen? To what a sad state are you reduced! You shall not repent your confidence. I am captain of a band of robbers that inhabit this forest, and have fifty men at my command. We are all sworn to be united; and we will defend him to the last drop of our blood. Our power is known in this neighbourhood: no one is bold enough to invade our recesses. I once had a noble nature, before my innocence was corrupted, and my manners depraved; and notwithstanding I have long been the companion of robbers and plunderers, and the tender emotions of pity and generosity have been smothered by scenes of blood and rapine, they are not wholly extinguished; you have again roused them by the unlimited trust you have reposed in me. I remember I am a man, and will not act unworthy of the name. Rely upon me with the utmost

confidence: you are perfectly safe here; I will be the protector of you and this royal infant. Give me the child, you seem unable to carry him any further, and follow me to a cavern that is at a small distance, where I and my brave companions conceal ourselves. You stand in need of rest and refreshment; that retreat will afford you both: not indeed such as that to which you have been accustomed, but such as our unsettled mode of life enables us to procure, which your fatigue and want of sleep may enable you to relish.

PRINCE. Mamma, I do not like to go with this man, his naked sword frightens me.

ROBBER. Poor innocent! I will put it into the scabbard.

QUEEN. Lay aside your fears, my child; this person is our friend, and will conduct us to a place of safety. Should fortune ever restore me to my former dignity, my gratitude shall repay this service, and return favours and rewards worthy our royal bounty.——For the present, accept this ring; its value will make some amends for the trouble we give you.

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**ABDOLONYMUS.**

**A**DVERSITY and prosperity, especially when there is a sudden transition from the one to the other, equally require fortitude and magnanimity. A wise man will neither suffer his mind to be greatly depressed by the former, nor highly lifted up by the latter. KNOWING the uncertainty of human affairs, and that he who is unfortunate to-day, may be prosperous to-morrow, he is fitted to bear either with calmness and self-possession. Abdolonymus gave a memorable example of this great way of thinking, in both extremes, as the following dialogue will show.

*Several Citizens assembled in a Public Square in Sidon.*

**FIRST CITIZEN.** Fellow Citizens! have you heard whom the victorious Alexander has destined to rule over us, instead of our late unfortunate king?

SECOND CITIZEN. I thought every one had known, that our fate depends upon the will of his beloved friend and favourite, Hephæstion, to whom he has given permission to bestow the crown on any Sidonian he judges worthy to wear it. Fame says, that he intends to present it to those two noble youths, at whose house he is entertained.

THIRD CITIZEN. But they are not of the blood royal, and it is contrary to the laws of Sidon, that any other family should ascend the throne.

FIRST CITIZEN. Conquerors seldom regard the laws of those whom they have vanquished. Let us rejoice that Alexander does not intend to place a stranger over us, ignorant of our customs, and the spirit of our constitution, but that he is willing to give us a king from among our fellow-citizens.

*[Whilst they are conversing, another Citizen joins them.]*

FOURTH CITIZEN. Hephæstion has offered the crown to his two noble hosts, but like true patriots, they disdain to accept the splendid present, on conditions contrary to the

laws of their country; which exalted manner of thinking has so delighted him, that he has empowered them to name a person of the royal family to this high dignity.—It will not be easy to guess on whom their choice is fallen: virtue is the only requisite they have sought in this election. They have passed by the ambitious and the great, and have named Abdolonymus the gardener, who has been reduced by his integrity and uprightness to extreme poverty. They are now gone to inform him of his elevation to the throne. As he is a man of great moderation and simplicity of manners, it is doubted whether he will accept it. I am impatient to hear the result of this extraordinary adventure. Let us go and acquaint ourselves with his determination.

*Abdolonyntus at work in a Garden, the two noble Sidonians approach him with the robes and insignia of royalty.*

ELDER YOUTH. We are come at the command of Hephæstion, the favourite of the mighty Alexander, to offer you the crown of

your ancestors. You must now exchange your tatters for these royal robes. Put off the mean and contemptible habit, which has so long concealed your virtues, and assume the sentiments and manners of a prince. But when you are firmly seated on the throne, be not unmindful of your former condition; preserve the same integrity and love of moderation that has distinguished you in your obscurity, and which will equally adorn a more elevated rank. The happiness of your countrymen will depend upon your administration of their government. Rule with justice and impartiality. Be rather the father than the sovereign of your people; and may your reign be long and prosperous!

ABDOLONYMUS. What have I done to provoke these insults? Is there any thing disgraceful in poverty, when unaccompanied with base conduct? The labour of my hands has hitherto supplied me with the necessaries of life, and preserved me from a servile state of dependence. Had I not preferred this, and integrity, to every other consideration, I

should not now have been the object of your scorn.

SECOND YOUTH. We are not come to insult you, but admire your disinterestedness and love of independence. We are sent by Hephæstion, to inform you, that he has chosen you from among all the Sidonians, to fill the vacant throne. Doubt no longer of our sincerity; but prepare yourself to accompany us, and take possession of that seat to which your eminent virtues give you so just a title.

ABDOLONYMUS. This is too surprising. I cannot persuade myself that you are serious.

FIRST YOUTH. We solemnly declare that we have told you the truth. Hesitate no longer; but rely on our honour.—We must compel you to put on these robes.

*[Abdolonymus reluctantly complies.]*

ABDOLONYMUS. How wonderful are the ways of Providence! I submit to its decrees, and am ready to follow you, though I leave my garden and rural occupations with regret. Beloved retreat! I shall never enjoy the same



peace and satisfaction that thou hast afforded me.

*Alexander, attended by Hephæstion and his Nobles.*

ALEXANDER. Have you given orders that the newly elected king be brought before me. I am curious to observe with what temper of mind he bears this change of fortune.

*The two Sidonian Youths come in, and introduce Abdolonymus to Alexander.*

ALEXANDER. Welcome, Abdolonymus. Thy air and mien do not contradict what is related of thy extraction; but I should like to hear from thyself, with what resolution thou hast supported thy poverty.

ABDOLONYMUS. May the powers above give me fortitude to bear this crown with equal patience. These hands have procured me all I wanted; and whilst I possessed nothing, I wanted nothing.

ALEXANDER. Such a noble mind shows thee capable of bearing thy dignity with moderation. Hephæstion, let a part of the

Persian spoil, and the treasures of Strabo, be added to our gifts; and unite one of the neighbouring provinces to the Sidonian dominions. To bestow kingdoms on those whose magnanimity deserves them, is the highest privilege of my extensive power.

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PRINCE ARTHUR AND HUBERT.

PRINCE Arthur was nephew to John, king of England, and had a stronger title by his birthright, to the crown, than his uncle, being the son of Geoffrey, John's elder brother. The power of innocence is strikingly displayed in the influence it had over the mind of Hubert, who had devoted himself to be the guilty instrument of John's injustice and cruelty, had not the feelings of humanity and nature wrought too powerfully, to permit him to execute his wicked design.

*A Prison.*

*Hubert and Attendants.*

HUBERT. Heat me these irons, and be sure

keep within call. When I stamp with my foot, come in, and bind the boy that will be with me fast to the chair. Take heed, and listen to my call.

ATTENDANT. I hope you have authority for what you do.

HUBERT. Obey my orders, and let me have none of your scruples; for the present retire! Young lad, come here, I have something to say to you.

*[Prince Arthur comes in.]*

ARTHUR. Good morrow, Hubert.

HUBERT. Good morrow, little Prince.

ARTHUR. You look sad, good Hubert.

HUBERT. To say truth, I am not very happy.

ARTHUR. Heaven take pity on me; I think nobody should be sad but I. Were I but out of prison, and a shepherd's boy, I could be cheerful all day long; nay even here I could be happy, were I not afraid my uncle intends me harm. I fear him, and he fears me. Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son? Oh! that I were your son, so you would but love me, Hubert.—

HUBERT. If I listen to his innocent prattle, I shall awaken that compassion I have taken so much pains to stifle, therefore I will lose no time. [*aside.*

ARTHUR. Are you ill, Hubert? you look very pale! If you were ill, I would attend you night and day, would watch by you, and show how much I love you.

HUBERT. How his words affect me! he shakes my resolution; but I will be firm, and smother these womanish feelings. Arthur, read that paper.

ARTHUR (*reads.*) Alas! alas! and will you burn out both my eyes?

HUBERT. I must and will.

ARTHUR. Can you be so cruel! I have always loved you tenderly; have behaved to you as if I had been your son; watched your very looks; obeyed your orders; attended you when you were sick; and rejoiced at every symptom of recovery. Can you have the heart to put my eyes out? which never did, nor never shall frown upon you.

HUBERT. I have sworn to do it, and must not break my word.

ARTHUR. It is better to break a wicked promise than to keep it. Had you a child you fondly loved, think what you would suffer to have him treated thus? My innocence should plead for me. I could not have believed that Hubert had been so hard-hearted.

HUBERT. Come in, (*stamps, the attendants come in with irons, cords, &c.*) do as I bid you.

ARTHUR. Oh! save me, Hubert, save me. The fierce looks of these bloody men terrify me to death.

HUBERT. Give me the irons, I say, and bind him here.

ARTHUR. Alas! you need not be so rough; there is no occasion to bind me. I will be as gentle as a lamb, if you will but send these men away. I will not stir, nor make a noise, whatever pain you put me to.

HUBERT. Withdraw, leave me alone with him.

ATTENDANT. I am glad to be rid of such a business.

ARTHUR. Alas! then I have driven away

my friend: let him come back, that he may plead for me.

HUBERT. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

ARTHUR. Will nothing avail me?

HUBERT. Nothing, prepare.

ARTHUR. Oh! Hubert, that a gnat would fly into your eye, that you might feel the pain so small a thing would cause; perhaps that might move your sympathy, and lead you to consider what I must suffer.

HUBERT. How ill you keep your promise.—Be silent.

ARTHUR. Forgive me, Hubert, if I try to move you. You once were tender and compassionate; and you will be happier from yielding to these gentle dispositions, than from all the wealth and honours my uncle can bestow.—

HUBERT. Well, your innocence has unnerved my firmest resolution. I am subdued, and will not touch your eyes, for all the treasures of your uncle's crown. Yet I have sworn, and fully purposed to have performed.—

ARTHUR. O, now you look like Hubert! Before you ~~was~~ disguised.

HUBERT. Hush, be quiet. I must conceal you from your uncle's vengeance, till I have an opportunity of escaping with you to a foreign country, where we shall be secure from his resentment. For your sake I resign all my hopes of preferment, and incur the danger of my life, should I be taken whilst in your uncle's territories; but poverty, with innocence, is infinitely preferable to a crown with a guilty conscience. Fear nothing; but retire. Not India's wealth should bribe me to injure you.



## DIONYSIUS AND THESTA.

**H**OWEVER difficult it may be to imitate, we cannot help admiring the undaunted resolution of those who dare, even in the presence of oppression and tyranny, confess their attachment to their persecuted friends, and devotion to the cause, which they have espoused

as the cause of truth. This is the spirit which has brought so many martyrs to the stake in all ages; it is itself a present reward, from a consciousness of uprightness and suffering for truth's sake. It supported Socrates in his last moments; with thousands of others, both heathens and Christians, whom it has enabled to rejoice in the midst of bonds and sufferings. Polyxenus married Thesta, the sister of Dionysius the Tyrant of Sicily, whose cruelties rendered him the dread of his subjects. Polyxenus was induced, from some offences he had received, to join in a conspiracy against him, which being discovered, he was obliged to fly from Sicily, and leave his wife, exposed to the resentment of her brother, whose vindictive disposition was subdued by the force of her constancy and affection to her husband.

**DIONYSIUS.** Whither has the traitor, thy husband, fled? Tell me, immediately, the place of his retreat, or thou shalt suffer the punishment due to his crimes.

**THESTA.** I am not to be intimidated by thy threats. I do not know the place of his



retreat; and if I did, I would not betray him for any thing in thy power to inflict or bestow.

DIONYSIUS. Thou contemnest my power; beware I do not make thee feel its weight. Thou hast already been a partaker of his crime, by concealing his flight. Thou couldst not be ignorant of his design. Thy duty required thee to have informed me of it, before he had escaped.

THESTA. Was there any thing in my conduct as a wife, that could lead thee to suppose me capable of accusing my husband? I have ever loved him with the fondest affection, and would have followed his fortunes, had they led me to the remotest corner of the earth, had he not concealed his flight even from me. I would have accompanied him in his banishment: no hardships should have restrained me, or dangers deterred me. I should have rejoiced to have been the partner of his misfortunes, and have been happier to have been called the wife of Polyxenus the exile, among barbarians, than to have remained here, as

thy sister, amidst the luxuries and indulgencies of thy court.

DIONYSIUS. Magnanimous woman! thy spirit and candour disarm my revenge. I cannot but admire thy courage, though exerted to defend my enemy. The conduct of Polyxenus calls for vengeance. Thy virtue claims not only pardon but protection.— Live securely, and enjoy the same honours and estates as when thy husband deserved our favour.



#### CITIZENS OF CALAIS.

THE following scene passed in the camp of Edward the Third, at the siege of Calais, and needs no illustration, by any previous reflections.

*King Edward, the Black Prince his Son,  
Sir Walter Mauny, St. Pierre, and the  
other citizens of Calais, with ropes about  
their necks.*

KING EDWARD. Mauny, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?

MAUNY. They are, my liege, if virtue can give dignity, or render men noble.

KING EDWARD. Was there no commotion? did they yield themselves peaceably?

MAUNY. They made no resistance, my liege, but come self-devoted, to save their country. Could you have beheld the affecting scene that I have witnessed, it would have moved your noble heart to compassion. Your message was delivered in the public square, amidst the citizens assembled, their hearts throbbing with dreadful expectation. When your determination was made known, amazement and despair filled every countenance, and solemn silence was for some time uninterrupted by any thing but sighs and groans. At length the noble St. Pierre, ascending a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: Friends and fellow Citizens! behold the situation to which we are reduced. We must either yield up our tender infants to be destroyed, our wives and children to the bloody

and brutal insults of the soldiery, or we must comply with the conditions of our cruel conqueror; doubly cruel, because he lays a deep snare for our virtue—he wishes to render us criminal and contemptible. He will grant us life upon no other condition but that of our being unworthy of it. Look around you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here that has not watched for you, fought for you, and bled for you? Would you devote your defenders to destruction? Those who have freely exposed their lives to the preservation of you and yours? You will not, cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible. What expedient have we left to avoid guilt and shame, or the horrors of a city given up to the sack of an enemy? There is still one path open to honour and virtue.—Which of you is willing to give a noble example of sacrificing his life to save his country?

PRINCE EDWARD. Was there any one among them possessed of such an heroic spirit, as voluntarily to make that offer?

MAUNY. After a short pause, St. Pierre resumed his discourse. It were base and unmanly in me to propose any injury to others, of which I am unwilling to partake; but being desirous of yielding the first place of honour to any citizen whose worth and patriotism should induce him to claim it; as I doubt not but there are many among you, willing to become martyrs, in this noble cause, although they may be restrained by modesty, and the fear of appearing ostentatious, I delayed offering myself upon this occasion. Unhappily, the captivity of Count Vienne has placed me in a situation that gives me a title to stand foremost in this sacrifice. I give my life freely. I give it cheerfully. Who comes next? Your son, replied a youth, not yet come to maturity. Ah my child! exclaimed St. Pierre, I shall then die twice; but no, I will rather consider thee as born a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost goal

of mortality. Who next? my friends, this is the hour of heroes. Your kinsman, cried John de Aire. Your kinsman, cried James Wissant. Your kinsman, cried Peter Wis-sant.

PRINCE EDWARD. Why was not I a citizen of Calais?

MAUNY. A sixth was still wanting; but there were so many claimants for this distinction, that I was obliged to have recourse to lots. The scene of parting from wives and children that followed, was too affecting for description, the air resounded with lamentations.

Their fellow citizens clung about St. Pierre and the rest of their deliverers. They fell prostrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp. At length they embraced for the last time, and took an eternal farewell of each other. They resigned themselves to my guidance, and I have conducted them hither through the universal acclamations of the soldiers, who cannot refuse

the tribute of praise to such heroic virtue, even in enemies.

PRINCE EDWARD. They deserve reward instead of punishment, my noble father! Extend your royal mercy; save these heroes; your clemency will gain you more true honour than all your victories.

KING EDWARD. My son, the tenderness of your disposition leads you into a weakness. Experience hath ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary, to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, lead these men to execution. (*To St. Pierre.*) Your rebellion against me, the natural heir of the crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.

ST. PIERRE. We have nothing to ask of your majesty, but what you cannot refuse us.

KING EDWARD. What may that be?

ST. PIERRE. Your respect and esteem.

[*Exeunt.*

[*A shout heard in the camp.*

*Enter Messenger.*

MESSENGER. . The Queen is arrived, and has brought a powerful reinforcement with her, of those gallant troops with which she has conquered Scotland.

KING EDWARD. Mauny, go out and receive her.

MAUNY. With pleasure shall I perform that office.

*[He goes out and returns with the Queen.]*

KING EDWARD. Most welcome, my dear Philippa: welcome at all times; but thy return at this moment is particularly so. Thy victorious conquest of Scotland endears thee to my heart. I also have subdued my rebellious subjects, the proud citizens of Calais, They have just opened their gates to me, and I am going to make an example of six of the principal inhabitants.

QUEEN. I am indeed arrived in a fortunate moment, as I have a petition to make, which respects the honour of the English nation, the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.—You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord,



they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the performance of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. They have behaved themselves worthily—they have behaved themselves like true patriots. I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, but that of granting a poor and indispensable pardon. I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and powerful of your enemies. They alone withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore thus that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires? that you would indulge their ambition? and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

But, if such a death would exalt simple citizens over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished by it. Would it not be said, that magnanimity and virtue are grown contemptible in

the eyes of Britain's monarch? and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind. The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward: a reproach to his conquests: a dark and indelible disgrace to his name.

No, my Lord, let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death, by which their glory would be consummate, let us load them with gifts; let us put them to shame with praises; we shall by that means deprive them of that popularity which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

KING EDWARD. I am convinced. You have prevailed. You have saved my honour; and are dearer to me than ever. — Prevent the execution. Have them instantly before us. [*Sir Waller Mauny goes out, and re-*

turns with *Eustace St. Pierre*, and his companions.]

QUEEN. Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to a vast expence of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance: but you acted according to the dictates of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue by which we have been so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You, noble burghers; you, excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation, which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, or title, or station: that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those, whom the Almighty inspires with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed; provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

ST. PIERRE. Ah! my country, it is now that I tremble for thee. Edward could only win thy cities; but Philippa conquers hearts.

QUEEN. Brave St. Pierre, wherefore look you so dejected?

ST. PIERRE. Ah! Madam, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.

QUEEN. The consciousness of your virtuous intentions will afford a recompence equal to the glory of an illustrious death; and your name will be transmitted to posterity

with the applause due to the most disinterested of citizens. Return to your country and admiring friends, and serve them as much by your counsel, as you have already done by your magnanimity. Tell them how you have been entertained; unite them to us by the ties of friendship and esteem; and gain us the hearts of those who have been unaffected. This is the only token of gratitude that we require. Farewell, and remember Philippa with esteem.

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ANTIOCHUS SIDETES.

**H**OW much it is to be regretted that the voice of truth so seldom reaches the ears of princes. Many of them would rejoice to obey her dictates, were she not concealed from their view, by those sycophants whose interest it is to misrepresent the real state of things. The luxurious dependents of a court generally glean their spoils from the oppression of the people, and carefully conceal their

murmurs from the sovereign, who, were he sensible of their complaints, would be most happy to remove them.

*Country people at work near a cottage.*

WIFE. How hard we are obliged to work for a living, whilst many live delicately, without doing any thing. Heigh ho! I wish I were a lady.

HUSBAND. None of your foolish wishes: a lady, forsooth! Mind your work, and be contented with your condition. Perhaps, if you had your wish, you would not be so happy as you are now. You are obliged to labour, it is true; but then health is gained by exercise; and a contented mind, and peaceful conscience, will make every state comfortable.

WIFE. For all what you say, I should like to try the change. I cannot help thinking that the rich are happier than the poor. They have many enjoyments that we want: fine clothes, plenty of nice victuals, and servants to wait on them; and lastly, a life of

ease, which I should think best of all. Oh! that I were a lady.

HUSBAND. Foolish woman! remember what the old proverb says, "All is not gold that glitters." I have heard that the rich are not always so happy as they appear; and that many an aching heart rides in a coach and six. For my part, when I have a little corn in my barn, a side of good bacon in my chimney, and a cup of brown ale to welcome a friend; though I work hard every day, I envy no man, but find cause not only to be contented, but thankful for my lot. Hark! who comes here? a man on horseback.

*[Antiochus Sidetes, king of Syria, rides up to them, but without making himself known.]*

ANTIOCHUS. I have lost my way, good folks, and have wandered some hours in this forest. It was a lucky chance that brought me to your habitation; for I am much fatigued, and faint with hunger. Can you afford a little refreshment to a stranger?

HUSBAND. Most willingly. We are but poor, and have no dainties to offer you; but

to such as we have you are heartily welcome. Dame, go in, and see what you can find to set before our guest.

WIFE. I can have some new-laid eggs and a rasher of bacon ready presently, if the gentleman can submit to such fare.

ANTIOCHUS. That I can, with as good an appetite as ever I sat down to a feast. This keen air and hard exercise have cured me of daintiness; but, that I may relish my repast the better, leave off work, and give me your company. What is the best news in this part of the country?

WIFE. We hear but little of what passes in the world, in this forest. We know that poor people find it hard enough to live. Let them do what they can, it is difficult to earn a livelihood.

ANTIOCHUS. Whence do your hardships arise? perhaps this remote situation does not afford you an opportunity of gaining a maintenance; or have you any complaint to make of those who rule over you? I am a stranger in these parts. How is the king liked hereabouts?



HUSBAND. The king, heaven bless him, is very well beloved; we think he has got a good heart, and wishes to make his people happy; but his courtiers have not the same views: they flatter him, and persuade him to spend his time in pleasure, while they govern affairs as they please.

ANTIOCHUS. To what pleasure is he so much addicted?

HUSBAND. You are a stranger, indeed, if you do not know that the king loves hunting better than any thing else. He gives a great deal of time to it, and neglects more important things for the sake of it; besides that, large forests remain uncultivated, to preserve the game, which might be divided into small farms, and support many families in a comfortable manner.

ANTIOCHUS. It is a pity there is nobody so upright as to give the king good advice upon this subject; perhaps he would listen to it.

HUSBAND. I do not doubt but he would; for it is said that he has a good disposition,

and loves his subjects; but every body at court tries to serve himself, and the miseries of the poor and laborious are unheard of, or forgotten.

ANTIOCHUS. You are a good politician. Truth seldom reaches the ears of princes; they are obliged to judge of every thing from the report of others; and frequently are misled, on purpose to serve the interest of those that deceive and flatter them.

*The King's attendants ride up and discover him.*

HUSBAND & WIFE, (*both kneel.*) What will become of us? We hope your majesty will forgive us: we did not know you were the king, or we should not have made so free.

ANTIOCHUS. Honest people, fear nothing: I thank you for your hospitable entertainment, but still more for the lesson you have, undesignedly, given me. To you, (*to the courtiers*) who pretend to be my friends, I have but few thanks to give; for during the

many years that you have served me, I have never heard the truth concerning myself till this day.

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AGESILAUS.

**T**HE Spartans were an ancient nation of Greece, that might properly be termed a republic of soldiers. Every child was considered as the property of the state; and was obliged, by the laws, to be brought up at public schools, where the conduct of both children and masters were frequently inspected by the magistrates. No partial indulgencies were allowed. They dined at public tables, where their usual fare was coarse barley bread, and a sort of pottage, called black broth. The son of the king and the simple citizen were treated alike, and obliged to submit to the same regulation. They knew of no distinction, but that which arose from merit. That boy who could suffer

the greatest hardships with the fewest complaints; who braved cold, hunger, and fatigue, nay pain itself, without a murmur, received the commendations of the aged, and was regarded as a precious pledge of future valour and patriotism. Their territory was surrounded by powerful neighbours, against whose incursions they had no defence, but the courage and discipline of their armies. Therefore the chief care of the government was to educate every boy a soldier, and the whole course of their instruction tended to this one point. Effeminacy and cowardice were so much despised among them, that the most pusillanimous neither dared to indulge in the one, nor show marks of the other. A modern coxcomb would have been banished their community, as a being for whom they had no employment. The spirit of their laws was suited to form patriots and heroes; but it was deficient in the cultivation of the softer and more amiable virtues. Agesilaus, one of their kings, celebrated even among the Spartans for excelling in every species of heroic virtue, knew how to unite the great

qualities of a wise king and a skilful general, to those of a tender and affectionate father. He did not consider it any degradation to his public character, to pass the few hours of leisure he could spare from the business of the republic, in the midst of his family; enjoying the tranquil pleasures of domestic life, and adapting his conversation to the infant capacities of his children. The character of this great man is more endearing and amiable, when we observe him indulging the natural affections of a parent in the nursery, than when we contemplate him subduing his enemies in the field.

*Agesilaus and his son, a child of five years old.*

CHILD. Father, I wish you would lay down your book, and come and play with me. Pray lend me your stick to ride upon.

AGESILAUS. Take it, my boy, and amuse yourself with it.

CHILD. When shall I have a real horse to ride upon.

AGESILAUS. You must soon begin to learn to ride. When you are able to manage a living horse, I will buy you one; but first take pains to walk well, run well, and show me how you can jump.

[*Child jumps.*]

AGESILAUS. Very well; put the stick across two chairs, and try to jump over it. Go a few paces back, and run towards it; that will give you a spring. Now endeavour to take it standing. This exercise will strengthen your legs, open your chest, and prepare you to learn to ride.—Have you been in the cold-bath this morning? I hope you never omit it, for it will give you health and vigour, and enable you to leap and wrestle like a man.

CHILD. I would rather go without my breakfast, than miss the bath. I love the cold water, and can swim already like a fish.

AGESILAUS. I am pleased to hear it. A boy should be hardy, and fear neither cold nor hunger; he must swim, run, leap, jump,

and have the free use of his limbs, or he will never make a vigorous, useful man.

[*A friend comes in.*

STRANGER. I am surprised! Is this an employment worthy of the great Agesilaus? Are the amusements of a nursery, and playing with children, suited to entertain the leisure of a mighty king?

AGESILAUS. You have unexpectedly broken in upon my retirement. My domestic pleasures may afford you subject for ridicule; but I am not ashamed of the tender feelings of a parent. I pass some time every day among my children; nor do I consider it as spent in an idle or trifling manner. I think I cannot render the republic a more essential service, than by forming the characters of those children who are to become its chief magistrates. —Suspend your judgment till you are a father, and feel the duties and delights of that tender relation; nor censure me, whose highest amusement is the innocent prattle of my children.

## CYRUS.

CYRUS was the son of Cambyses, king of Persia, and of Mandana, daughter of Astyages, king of the Medes. By the death of Cyaxares, his uncle, he became heir to both kingdoms, and united them into one great empire. The character of these two nations was extremely different. The Persians were a hardy, temperate people, and gave particular attention to forming the morals of their youth. On the other hand, the Medes were addicted to every species of voluptuous indulgence. Cyrus was educated at home with great care, and particularly instructed in the duties of the high office he was born to enjoy. Being endowed by nature with extraordinary abilities, and a disposition most docile to receive instruction, the lessons that were given him produced admirably good effects, and enabled him to resist the seductive poison of the dissipated manners of his grand-



father's court, where he often passed a great deal of time. The rigid virtue and amiable condescension of this prince, rendered him the delight and admiration of all that knew him; and frequently transformed those that were his enemies, into grateful friends and admirers. Xenophon, who was an eye-witness of many of his great actions, both in public and private life, has recorded his history, as an example to posterity. This work would supply me with materials for many dialogues; but I content myself with the two following subjects, as in some degree illustrative of the character of this great hero.

*Boys at play.*

FIRST BOY. Can you shoot at a mark? My father has given me a bow and arrow, as a reward for learning a lesson well: shall we try to shoot with them?

SECOND BOY. With all my heart. I want to hit a mark: let me try first.

FIRST BOY. No, have patience, and let those that are older be served before you.

When I have shot, I will lend it you; but my coat is so tight, I cannot lift up my arms. It would just fit you—yours is as much too large. Let us exchange.

SECOND BOY. I am not willing to do any such thing. Though my coat is a great deal too big for me, I like the colour of it better than yours: besides, yours is shabbier than mine; and I choose to keep my own.

FIRST BOY. If you will not exchange by fair means, I will try force: my coat will fit you better than your own, and we shall both be accommodated.

*[They struggle.]*

*Enter Cyrus.*

CYRUS. What is the matter, my lads? Schoolfellows falling out! I am astonished: what are you disputing about?

SECOND BOY. He wants to take my coat away by force; and I am not strong enough to keep it.

FIRST BOY. I consent to refer the dispute to Cyrus; will you abide by his decision?

SECOND BOY. Yes, willingly.

CYRUS. Explain the matter, that I may understand the reason of your quarrel.

FIRST BOY. The case is this: my coat is much too tight for me; it will just fit him. His is a great deal too large for him: it almost reaches the ground. I want him to take mine, and let me have his.

CYRUS. I decide, that the great boy shall have the largest coat; and the little boy be contented with the smallest.

*Enter Master.*

MASTER. What means this exchange of clothes?—Have you been quarrelling?

CYRUS. Yes; they have fallen out about their coats, and have referred the matter to me; and I have given my opinion that each boy should take the coat that fits him best.

MASTER. Pray on what principle did you decide thus?

CYRUS. That of appointing to each what is most suitable to his wants.

MASTER. But by what right did you transfer the property of another against his will?

CYRUS. I thought he would be benefited by this exchange.

MASTER. Do you think you have power to judge what will make others happy. Justice requires that the great coat should be restored to its owner. Your decision is founded on a false principle. You were called in to do justice, not to consider what was most suitable. Justice is always painted with a bandage over her eyes, and a balance in her hand; to show she makes no distinctions, but impartially renders to every man his own. Your decision reminds me of those who are very generous with other people's property. I have known persons of tender, compassionate natures, affected by the sight of a fellow-creature in distress, bestow that money to relieve the misery that touched them, which they had long owed to their creditors; this error arises from imbibing false notions, or from want of sufficient reflection to distinguish between justice and humanity. You, Cyrus, who are born to rule over others, should early acquire accurate ideas, and store your mind with

general principles, which no accidental circumstance of time or place, or a fond partiality, should ever alter.

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CYRUS, CUPBEARER TO ASTYAGES.

*Cyrus, Astyages, Mandane, Lords and Ladies of the Court.*

ASTYAGES.

**M**Y dear Cyrus, in what employment have you passed your morning?

CYRUS. I have been learning to ride, and use the bow. I hope, Sir, I shall have your permission to join your next hunting party. I wish to give you some specimens of my horsemanship.

MANDANE. I cannot comply with that request, unless you promise me to restrain your ardour, and keep close to your uncle's side.

CYRUS. The task you impose, madam, will be difficult; but I hope your commands

will be always sufficient to restrain me on every occasion.

ASTYAGES. Daughter, you must endeavour to suppress your maternal apprehensions, and suffer your son to gain courage by exercise. He is born to rule over two great nations. Let him fortify both body and mind, that he may become worthy of the elevated situation that fortune destines him.

MANDANE. I do not desire to render him effeminate: but it is my wish that he should temper courage with prudence. Many a brave general has fallen a sacrifice to the rashness of exposing his own person, when he should have preserved it for the good of others.

ASTYAGES. You reason well, Mandane. A king lives but for his people: his life, his time, nay, even his reputation is theirs; and he has no right to be prodigal of either, but for their advantage.

CYRUS. Since the situation of a king calls for higher exertions of duty, and greater sacrifices of inclination, than that of private per-

sons, why is it so much envied and coveted by the generality of mankind?

MANDANE. Because men are mostly taken with the appearance of splendour and magnificence that surrounds courts, without considering the important duties that are annexed to the situation. The idea of power and riches presents the image of happiness to common observers! whereas true happiness is to be attained in all stations, by a close adherence to virtuous principles.

CYRUS. Could I choose my lot in life, I should prefer the leisure and quiet of a private station.

MANDANE. Beware lest, under the mask of moderation, you indulge a disposition to indolence. Let it ever be remembered, that enjoyment does not consist in useless leisure, but in well-directed occupations. Man is formed for action, and the powers of his mind, as well as body, become torpid for want of exercise.

ASTYAGES. The entertainment is ready, and our friends wait for our welcome, to sit

down and partake of it. Cyrus, every thing I receive from your hand has a double relish; undertake the office of cupbearer to the feast.

CYRUS. I always attend my grandfather with the greatest delight: it will give me pleasure to perform any office with which he shall please to honour me.

[*The company sit down to table. Cyrus attends as cupbearer.*]

MANDANE. My noble guests, you are sincerely welcome. I hope you will find the repast agreeable to your tastes.

ASTYAGES. Let every one lay aside restraint, and speak his sentiments with the familiarity of a friend; that the social pleasures may be united to those of sense, and give a higher flavour to our wine. Cyrus, hand me the cup. [*Cyrus presents the cup, in a graceful manner, to his grandfather.*]

ASTYAGES. You have omitted a material part of your office. Why did you not taste the cup before you presented it to me?

CYRUS. I was afraid to taste, lest there should be poison in it; for I have often ob-



served, that after drinking wine, the lords of your court, and even you, my dear grandfather, have been strangely affected: have reeled, become loud and boisterous, and acted every way unlike yourself.

ASTYAGES. The simplicity of your reproof gives it double force. May you, my dear child, always preserve the same innocence and purity of manners, and never debase yourself by the immoderate use of wine, or other fermented liquors. Though I have sometimes shown you an improper example, I am fully sensible of the disadvantages of intemperance; it injures the health, weakens the powers of the mind, inflames the passions, and exposes a man to commit crimes, of which he would blush to think.

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ARISTIDES THE JUST.

**T**HE Athenians were remarkable for their fickleness and inconstancy towards those who acted in the public departments of govern-

ment. The man who was at one time the favourite of the people, and extolled as the defender and preserver of Athens, was frequently, without sufficient cause, banished their city. Their form of banishment was peculiar to themselves, and was called the Ostracism. Every citizen had the power of showing his disapprobation of any person employed in the administration of affairs, by writing his name on a shell. On a day appointed for the purpose, these shells were collected, and a certain number of them was sufficient to expel the most powerful magistrate. The following incident was a remarkable example of the injustice and folly of these popular decisions, and is one proof, among many, of the inconveniences of the democratic form of government.

*A Street in Athens. Several Citizens conversing.*

FIRST CITIZEN. Have you heard that the virtuous Aristides is banished by the Ostracism?

SECOND CITIZEN. What can the people find to be discontented with in him? His justice, disinterestedness, and true love of his country, are qualities that, one would think, must secure him from the censures of the fickle multitude.

FIRST CITIZEN. The more distinguished a man is for eminent virtues, the more he is exposed to the attacks of the envious. Many are jealous of the reputation of Aristides, who have not sufficient goodness to emulate his example. It is not difficult to mislead the common people, and prejudice their judgment against those who serve them most faithfully. The voice of the people is generally upright in intention, but frequently misguided by the artifice of those who use them as an engine for their own ambitious purposes.

SECOND CITIZEN. A little time will undeceive them. The same giddy crowd that is now earnest to banish him, when deprived of his services will soon be sensible of his real merit; and will be still more desirous of recalling him.

**FIRST CITIZEN.** Public virtue is not his only excellence; he shines equally in the character of a private man, and displays a striking example of a strict adherence to truth, a love of justice, a disinterested and tender concern for the welfare of others; and what constitutes his highest praise, is his moderation. Placed at the head of the treasury of a rich commonwealth, he has preserved his original poverty, without availing himself of the numberless advantages of his situation for increasing his private fortune.

**THIRD CITIZEN.** I am his friend, and know him well. He considers virtue as the only true riches; nor does he covet any other treasures for himself or his children.

**SECOND CITIZEN.** If such a character cannot preserve the public esteem, who can ever hope to obtain it?

**THIRD CITIZEN.** He is as much superior to the love of fame, as he is to the love of money. He values virtue for its own sake; and would rather be really virtuous, than be thought so by the whole world. A true patriot must not depend on the breath of


the multitude for happiness; he must seek it in his own bosom, and consider the secret applauses of his conscience, as a balm that will console him for every other disappointment. My friendship will not suffer me to remain here, passing the time in useless conversation, when perhaps I may be of some service to him. Let us go and try to find him, and offer him all the consolation in our power. *[Aristides meets them.*

**THIRD CITIZEN.** My dear friend, I was coming to seek you, that I might condole with you on the late sentence of the people. Your fortitude seems unshaken. Teach me how to bear the loss of such a friend. Indeed I lament not only my own private misfortune, but that of the republic, which will be deprived of an upright magistrate and wise ruler.

**ARISTIDES.** Comfort yourself; my constancy does not forsake me on this occasion, since I have no other reproaches to bear, but those that are suggested by envy. A country fellow came up to me just now, and as he did not know how to write, desired that I would

inscribe my own name upon a shell. I immediately complied with his request, but was earnest to be informed of the reason of his disapprobation of my conduct, lest I had been guilty of some neglect or injustice towards him or his family; but, to my great satisfaction, I found that he had nothing to alledge against me but my popularity. He confessed he had no real ground of complaint, but said, that he was determined to vote for my banishment, because he was weary of hearing my praises; and particularly of my being surnamed the *Just*. If my administration has afforded my enemies no better cause of accusation, I retire, most happy in the consideration, that the love of my fellow-citizens is the only offence that has been urged against me. My conscience does not reproach me with one act of oppression or injustice. Such a banishment is rather a motive for triumph; it can neither affect my peace of mind, nor tarnish my reputation with posterity, which judges through a different medium from rivals and competitors. Farewel. May you enjoy the happiness you deserve, and the peo-

ple of Athens never see the day which shall oblige them to remember their ingratitude to Aristides.

  
CORIOLANUS.

**T**HE civil dissensions that frequently happened at Rome, between the Patricians and the Plebeians, were excited by pride and oppression on the side of the former, and by too usurping a spirit of independence on that of the latter class of citizens. Marcus Caius Coriolanus warmly espoused the cause of the nobles, and in one of these disputes was banished by the people. Forgetful of what he owed to his country, family, and connexions, he immediately fled to the Volscians, who were then at war with Rome, and was most joyfully received by them. His superior abilities, as a general, being well known, rendered him a welcome guest; especially as he declared his determination of assisting

them against his countrymen, as a means of satiating his revenge. An inflexible disposition, and a vindictive spirit, were striking features in the character of Coriolanus.— Haughty as he was, and unsubdued by the miseries of his native city, his stubborn soul yielded to the solicitations of his mother. He could not bear the sight of a parent reduced to the state of a humble suppliant to her son, and without hesitation resigned himself, his views, and even his resentment, to her entreaties. A memorable proof of the force of affection, and of the advantage of early cultivating domestic attachments. Filial love has been the means of restraining many from devoting themselves to destruction. It is a powerful instrument, bestowed upon parents, by the wise Author of our nature, for the benefit of their children: happy are they who know how to secure it, by devoting the principal part of their time and attention to the education of their infant progeny. They may be very well instructed in the sciences, by masters in the several branches, who are willing to give up their



leisure for a pecuniary reward; but let parents beware how they resign the cultivation of the heart to other hands. Duty, nature, and even pleasure, loudly call upon them to perform this tender office. The reward is a valuable one; no less than the applause of conscience, and, in most instances, the unshaken attachment of their children.

The following interviews between Coriolanus, the Ambassadors from Rome, Volumentia, &c. &c. passed in the Volscian camp.

*Coriolanus, Volscian Chiefs, Ambassadors from Rome.*

CHIEF OF THE EMBASSY. Noble Coriolanus, we come to offer terms of peace from Rome.

CORIOLANUS. Declare your terms.

CHIEF. The Senate entreats you to forget the wrongs you have received; to listen to proposals of accommodation; and to forgive your country, that sues for peace, and is ready to receive you with open arms.

CORIOLANUS. The injuries I have re-

ceived are so flagrant, and bear such strong marks of gross ingratitude, that I endeavour to forget I am descended from a Roman, and try to persuade myself that I was born a Volscian. Return and tell your fellow citizens, that they shall remember the day in which they sent me into exile. They had no mercy then, and I feel no pity now.

CHIEF. Compassionate the miseries of your unhappy country. It is in your power only to relieve them. Be intreated to put an end to the war, and listen to the proposals we bring.

CORIOLANUS. I am general of the Volscians, and shall act in that capacity. The only terms that I will accept are, that you shall restore all the cities and lands, taken in the former wars, and grant, by decree, the freedom of the city to the Volscians, as you formerly did to the Latins. These just and equal conditions are the only sure foundation of a firm and lasting peace between the two nations. I grant you thirty days to consider of it; but remember that, at the end of that

time, you must either accede to this proposal, or immediately renew the war.

CHIEF. Must I bear this message, unqualified, to the Senate?

CORIOLANUS. You must; I am determined, and will not easily change my purpose. Farewel.

*Coriolanus in his tent, with Aufidius, one of the chiefs of the Volscians.*

*A Servant comes in.*

SERVANT. There is one without, that desires to speak with you.

CORIOLANUS. Have you enquired his business? is his person known to you?

SERVANT. I never saw him before; his dialect is Roman: he will not tell his business. He bid me say that his name is Menenius; and he knew that you would not refuse him admission.

CORIOLANUS. I will not see him. Tell him that I am engaged; go.—Poor old man, I dare not trust myself with him.

SERVANT. He is coming in already.

CORIOLANUS. Make haste and keep him out.

SERVANT. Keep back! my master is engaged; keep back.

MENENIUS. I will come in, I know he will not refuse to see me. My son, thou wilt not forbid thy father an entrance. I must be heard. I come to plead for Rome, and to entreat, by all the tender friendship that has so long subsisted between us, that you will take compassion on your unhappy country. Lay aside your anger, and give way to the soft emotions of pity. With great reluctance I undertook this commission, because I had heard on what hard terms you had dismissed the ambassadors; but I persuaded myself that my influence would prevail with you, and that you would yield to the solicitations of old Menenius.

CORIOLANUS. Away! I will listen to no other terms.

MENENIUS. What do I hear! will you not attend to my arguments?

CORIOLANUS. I must not hear them. Wife, mother, children, country—all are

strangers to me, I have pledged my faith to the Volscians. Every thing now is in their power. Make terms with them. Although I cannot treat with you as a public messenger from Rome, I remember you as a private friend, and still regard you; but no considerations of that nature must influence my conduct with regard to the subject of your coming hither. Away. Relate what you have seen and heard to the Senate. I will hear no reply. (*Menenius withdraws with a melancholy countenance.*) This man, Aufidius, was my dearest friend; but you see that he has had no influence over me.

AUFIDIUS. You are very firm.

CORIOLANUS. You must be my witness to the Volscian lords, that neither the ambassadors, nor this old man, whom I have sent back oppressed with grief, were able to shake my resolution.

AUFIDIUS. Trust me, I will fully testify that you have subdued all your native feelings, and private friendships, and have adopted the Volscians for your countrymen; that you have offered no terms, but with a

view to their interest; and that you have acted in all respects as becomes their general.

**CORIOLANUS.** They sent Menenius as a last resource, thinking that I could refuse nothing to his importunity, well knowing that he had always loved me with more than a father's fondness, and that I had returned his affection with the reverence and duty of a son. He is heart-broken at my treatment of him.—I am determined to receive no future embassy, either from the Senate or private friends. Ha! what shout is that? I hope I shall not be tempted to break my vow, the moment I have made it. See! my wife now comes, followed by my mother, leading in her hand my little boy, Marius: but I will overcome all natural feelings, lay aside, or stifle the affection of husband, son, or father. I will not listen to their petition. May I keep firm. My mother come thus to me! How shall I resist the love and veneration with which she inspires me? *(He embraces first his mother, and then his wife and son.)*

**VIRGILIA.** My honoured lord and husband,

CORIO LANUS. My much beloved wife, (*salutes her*) forgive my tyranny, but do not ask me to forgive the Romans. Most venerated parent, (*kneels,*) accept the duty that I owe you; but do not desire me to break my vow. My word is pledged; and I cannot falsify it without dishonour.

VOLUMNIA. My son, hear me.

CORIO LANUS (*to the Volscian chiefs.*)

My friends, draw near, my mother seems to have something to communicate. I do not choose to listen to matters of state but in your presence.

VOLUMNIA. Hear, my son, to what a miserable state your banishment has reduced us. If you consider, you must think us the most unhappy of women, since the sight of you, which should afford us the greatest pleasure, causes us the greatest pain, to see you thus engaged with Rome's enemies, and tearing out the very vitals of your country. Nor have we the consolation of offering up our prayers in this calamity; for we cannot, at the same time, pray for your preservation and the safety of our country. Your wife

and children must either see their city destroyed by one of her own citizens, or behold you, their husband and father, perish before her walls. For my part, I will not live to see this war decided by arms: if I cannot persuade you to prefer friendship and union, to enmity and its ruinous consequences, by becoming the bond of alliance between the two nations, and conciliating their differences. Believe me, you shall not advance against your country—but by trampling upon the dead body of her that bore you. For it does not become me to behold that day, in which my son shall be led captive by his fellow citizens, or triumph over Rome. My request would, indeed, involve you in great difficulties, if I required you to give up the interest of the Volscians, who have confided their affairs to your care? but what do I desire of you more than deliverance from our present calamities? a deliverance which will be advantageous to both nations, but most to the honour of the Volscians, whose superiority will be shown by bestowing on us the blessings of peace and friendship, which they themselves



will receive in their turn. Should you act as the mediator between the two parties, and procure these inestimable blessings for each, you will become their mutual benefactor and deliverer, and be regarded as such by both; but if you determine to take the opposite course, you alone must expect to bear the blame of each side. Although the chance of war is uncertain, one sure consequence will follow this, that if you conquer, you will be a destroying dæmon to your own country; if you are beaten, you will, by indulging your resentment, involve your friends and benefactors in the greatest misfortunes. (*Coriolanus listens attentively.*) Why are you silent, my son? Do you think it more honourable to yield to the impressions of anger and resentment, than to the petition of your mother in so important a point? Or does it become a great man to remember the injuries he has received; and would it not be equally consistent with the character of a great and good man, to remember, with filial regard, the benefits that have been bestowed on him by his parents. Surely you, of all men, should be

grateful, since you have suffered so severely from ingratitude. And yet, though you have already revenged many wrongs, by inflicting several calamities on your country, you have not hitherto made the least return to your mother, for her affectionate cares, since the moment of your birth. The sacred ties of both nature and religion, require that you should indulge me in this just and reasonable request. But if words cannot prevail, this only resource is left. [*She throws herself at his feet. Virgilia and Marius do the same.*]

CORIOLANUS. Oh! mother, mother, you have won a happy victory to Rome; but destructive to your poor son. I submit, vanquished by you alone. Aufidius, a mother's tears are irresistible. If I can no longer make war for you, I will establish an honourable and advantageous peace. Nature has prevailed, where nothing else could. You have saved your country, when all the powers of Italy could not have made peace. Come, let us retire into my tent.—Aufidius, come with us; your presence is necessary, that we may settle the conditions of peace.

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HENRY THE GREAT, AND THE DUKE OF  
SULLY.

**T**HERE are few greater characters occur in modern history, than Henry the Fourth of France, usually surnamed the Great; and his prime minister, the Duke of Sully. Henry came to the throne at the time when France was torn to pieces by civil and religious dissensions, which he appeased by his prudence and spirit. The object nearest his heart was the good of his people; and the general tenor of his conduct approached nearer, than that of most monarchs, to the idea of a patriot king. Yet, such is the imperfection of human nature, the great qualities and public virtues of Henry were clouded by some private vices. An inordinate love of pleasure plunged him into the greatest domestic misfortunes, and often rendered him unhappy in the midst of success and prosperity. In these moments of distress he had always recourse to his faithful Sully; in whose

advice and friendship he was sure to find consolation. Sully had too sincere a regard for his master to spare those reproofs that the occasion required, and sometimes raised a little warmth in the bosom of the king; but so generous was his nature, that he no sooner had time to recollect himself, but he entirely forgave the liberty his favourite had taken, and even increased his tokens of love and esteem, upon every such proof of his fidelity. Happy king, to have had such a monitor; happier still, hadst thou had constancy to have followed his advice, as well as to acknowledge its propriety. Pleasure held this monarch in her silken chains, to the day of his death; ever taking new resolutions of amendment, and as often failing in the performance of them: a distinguished example of the danger of delaying to amend; and suffering ill habits to take hold of the mind, in opposition to the convictions of conscience, and the reproofs of a faithful counsellor.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead;

Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

The Duke of Sully, considered either in his public or private character, is a model for imitation; especially with respect to his piety, patriotism, sincerity, moderation, love of order, and indefatigable industry.

*Henry the Great, conversing with the Duke of Sully.*

HENRY. Well, my friend, as your interest and welfare frequently engage my mind, it has occurred to me this morning, that your son is of an age to marry; and I am desirous he should form an alliance that may ennoble your house, and convince you of my attachment to your family.

SULLY. Your majesty's goodness and condescension have always been very great. I have received many offers for my son, that were flattering to my ambition, but I have rejected them all, by saying, that I would receive a daughter-in-law from your majesty alone.

HENRY. I do not wait for requests from those by whom I am served with diligence and fidelity. I am determined to employ

you with more authority than ever in the administration, and to raise you and your family to the highest honours, dignities, and riches. But you must assist me in this design; for if you do not contribute to it, it will be difficult for me to accomplish my intentions, without prejudice to my affairs, and incurring great blame; consequences which I am persuaded you would be unwilling I should draw upon myself. I propose, first, to ally you to myself, by giving my daughter Vendome in marriage to your son, with a portion of two hundred thousand crowns in ready money, and a pension of ten thousand a year; to which I shall add the government of Berry, and the reversion of that of Bourbonnois, as also the post of grand master of the ordnance. On your son-in-law I will bestow the government of Poitou, which I will exchange with you for that of Normandy; as I plainly perceive, that poor M. de Montpensier cannot live long to enjoy it. The declining state of health of the Constable also gives me reason to expect that his office will soon become vacant. This likewise shall be yours. But,

in order to effect these designs, you and your son must both openly renounce Protestantism, and embrace the Catholic faith. I entreat you not to refuse me this request, since my interest, and the fortune of your house, require it.

SULLY. Your majesty does me more honour than I deserve, and values my poor services at more than they merit. It is true, I serve the best and most liberal of masters, with a heart truly devoted to his most important interests.—Your princely munificence overwhelms me, and will excite new and more ardent endeavours to serve you faithfully. It is not for me to decide concerning your proposal for my son, his settlement depends entirely upon your majesty. He is of an age that enables him to form a judgment on the subject of religion; and therefore he must determine for himself: but the case is quite different with me. I cannot think of acquiring additional honours, dignities, or riches, by the sacrifice of my conscience. If ever I change my religion, it must be from conviction: neither ambition, avarice, nor vanity, shall ever

prevail with me to abandon my duty; nor can I think that even my royal master would put more confidence in me for becoming unfaithful to my God.

*Another conversation, on a different subject, between the same illustrious persons.*

HENRY. You, my good Sully, are the only person in whom I can confide. I have lost a large sum at play. You must supply me with more money.

SULLY. That cannot be done, my liege, without embarrassing your affairs. I am already largely in advance to your private purse.

HENRY. My demand must be complied with. It is your part to contrive the means. I am not disposed to be contradicted. My mind is uneasy. The Queen has displeased me; she is continually reproaching me with want of affection, which is the readiest way to diminish the love that I really have for her; these things perplex me, and allay the enjoyment of my life. I am come to you for



comfort and assistance, as the only friend upon whom I can rely.

SULLY. Permit me to advise your majesty to restrain your love of play. It involves you in many difficulties, and obliges you to lay heavy taxes on a people whom you love. Excess of pleasure seduces you from the Queen, and leads you to pass those hours, which should be devoted to her company, with companions unworthy of your society, who delight to mislead you, and afterwards join the unthinking multitude, in censuring you for those very actions they have tempted you to commit.

HENRY. No more of this. Your advice is too free to be agreeable. I did not come to you to be lectured. If you have no other consolation than reproaches, reserve it for those to whom it is more suitable. (*Henry leaves the room in anger, and as he goes out says,*) This man is not to be borne with any longer; he is continually contradicting me, and approves of nothing I propose; but I will make him obey me: he shall not appear in my presence these fifteen days. (*In a little*

*time Henry returns, with a calmer countenance.)*

HENRY. Well, Sully, have you thought of my demand. I must have fresh supplies.

SULLY. I am too sincere to be able to advise your majesty. You have, doubtless, taken your resolution after mature deliberation. I have nothing to do but to obey, since our sentiments differ so much upon this subject.

HENRY (*smiling, and tapping Sully on the shoulder.*) Oh! oh! you are upon the reserve with me, and are angry at what happened just now; but I am no longer offended with you. Come, come, embrace me, and use the same freedom with me as usual; for I love you not the less for your sincerity. On the contrary, from the moment that you cease to be my faithful monitor, and contend with me on occasions, upon which I am convinced you cannot approve my conduct, I shall believe you no longer love me. (*Several courtiers come into the room. Henry raises his voice loud enough to be heard by the company.*) There are people foolish

enough to suppose, that when I show any resentment against M. de Sully, I am in earnest, and that my displeasure will continue; but they are greatly deceived: for when I reflect, that he never remonstrates or contradicts me but for my honour, and the advantage of my affairs, and also without any view to his own interest, I love him the better for his freedom, and am impatient till I assure him that I do so.

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LOUIS XII. OF FRANCE.

**T**HERE is not a surer indication of an exalted mind than forgiveness of injuries; especially when the injured person has a full opportunity of satiating his revenge. Louis the Twelfth of France appears to have been sensible of this superiority, and nobly disdained to take the advantage his elevation to the throne afforded him, of punishing some persons who had treated him ill when Duke of Orleans.

*Louis and several Courtiers.*

FIRST LORD. We are come, most gracious sovereign, to offer our sincere and humble congratulations on your majesty's accession to the throne. The many virtues that adorn your character, fill us with the most flattering prospect of a happy and prosperous reign.

SECOND LORD. You are so much beloved and revered by the people, that this event must rejoice the hearts of all France, except your majesty's enemies, who are now wholly exposed to your indignation.

THIRD LORD. Their consciousness of the indignities and ill-treatment formerly shown you, will make them shrink from your presence, and conceal themselves from your just anger.

SECOND LORD. Assured as you are, of the voice of your people, who rejoice in submitting to your authority, you have a full opportunity of indulging your revenge; and without apprehension, as you are become an

absolute sovereign, and may punish those with exemplary severity, who have dared to injure you, when they thought themselves secure from your vengeance.

LOUIS. My good friends, I thank you for your kind congratulations, as well as the zeal and loyalty you express for my service; but it carries you too far, when it leads you to advise me to begin my reign with acts of severity. My highest ambition is to found an empire in the hearts of my people, and the title of their father and protector will be more pleasing to me, than the flattering and obsequious epithets appropriated to eastern monarchs: this is the hour of joy and festivity, it must not be clouded by the sorrowful countenances of any of my subjects. It is time to lay aside all past animosities; for it would ill become the King of France to resent the injuries of the Duke of Orleans.



## LICINIUS AND ANTHONY.

**I**NSTANCES of real friendship are extremely rare, because those connexions that are dignified with that name are too seldom founded upon esteem. Interest, similarity of pursuits, love of the same pleasure, and sometimes an association in vice, have produced an intimacy between two persons, that is frequently mistaken for friendship. A true friend, like gold in the furnace, shines brightest in the day of adversity. Can any but a virtuous man stand this trial? Is it to be expected that the mere companion of our pleasures should be willing to expose himself to danger for our sakes; should prefer our interest to his own; and dare to show his attachment to us, when poverty and disgrace attend us? No other foundation but virtuous friendship, raised on the basis of mutual esteem, can produce these effects. Those few sublime examples of disinterested regard,

and union of souls, (if I may so term it,) that are held forth for our imitation in the records of history, subsisted between persons of eminent virtue. David and Jonathan, whose souls (in the expressive language of Scripture) are said to have been knit together, could not have been united upon any other principle, but that of the most exalted virtue. Jonathan well knew that David was appointed to succeed to his father's throne, and occupy that seat, which, by inheritance, would have been his own; yet, in the beautiful narrative of their inviolable attachment, not one symptom of jealousy ever appeared; which proves the disinterestedness and generosity of their respective characters. The chief personages of the two following conversations were ornaments to human nature; especially when we consider that they were pagans. They had only the light of reason to walk by; and, notwithstanding that disadvantage, were willing, nay desirous, of laying down their own lives to preserve that of their friends.

*Field of battle near Pharsalia. Some barbarian soldiers making a fierce attack on Brutus.*

LICINIUS, (*throwing himself in their way.*) My generous soldiers, show quarter to an enemy, by saving my life. You will probably gain a large reward. I am Brutus; but I entreat you not to carry me to Cæsar: I dread his vengeance. I pray you let me be conveyed to Anthony; his nature is more gentle, nor is he impelled by such strong motives to revenge as Cæsar.

FIRST SOLDIER. Art thou Brutus? The very man I was in quest of. I shall receive a reward for taking thee, which will make my fortune.

SECOND SOLDIER. Do not let us make a mistake. I thought I had been sure that the man with the purple plumes upon his helmet had been Brutus. I have been fighting hard to seize him this quarter of an hour, but was beaten off by the numbers that surrounded him. If this be really Brutus, I should



have looked but foolish to have risked my life, and suffered so many blows, to have taken a prisoner who would have brought me nothing.

FIRST SOLDIER. I do not doubt his word; his fear of Cæsar convinces me that he is Brutus. Let us make the best of our way with him to Anthony. We shall be graciously received with such a prize in our hands. He is generous. This is the luckiest stroke of fortune that ever befel us: we shall be set at ease for the rest of our lives. Come, my boys, let us lose no time, but away with him.

*Anthony's Camp.*

ANTHONY, (*with a letter in his hand.*) Good news, indeed! Brutus is taken prisoner, and they are bringing him to me. Where is the messenger that brought this letter? Let him come in. (*The Messenger is brought in.*) I am impatient to know the particulars of this fortunate event. Relate what thou knowest of the matter, without delay.

**MESSENGER.** Noble Anthony, a party of our soldiers, desirous of recommending themselves to your notice, by some exploit worthy your approbation, attacked a group, in which they thought they saw Brutus; but whilst they were struggling to seize him, the real Brutus fell accidentally into their hands. They are on the road, and will soon be here. I came forward to announce the welcome tidings.

**ANTHONY.** Reward him for his speed.— How shall I receive the noble Brutus? for, though an enemy, his virtues render him an object of admiration, even to those whom he opposes. Consult with me, my friends, and give me your opinion how he should be disposed of.

**FIRST OFFICER.** A man so distinguished by his achievements as Brutus is, claims every mark of respect, when he thus becomes the sport of fortune.

**SECOND OFFICER.** I wonder how his haughty mind, and unsubdued spirit, will support this change of condition.

**THIRD OFFICER.** His love of life has betrayed him into a meanness unworthy of his former character, or he never would have suffered himself to have fallen into the hands of the soldiers. [*A shout at a distance.*]

**ANTHONY.** Here they come: I will go out and meet them.

[*The soldiers bring in Licinius bound.*]

**LICINIUS.** Anthony, be assured that Brutus neither is, nor will be taken by an enemy. Forbid it, Heaven, that fortune should gain such a triumph over virtue. Whether that great man should be found alive or dead, he will be found in a state becoming himself. I imposed upon your soldiers, in order to serve him, whom I value more than life, and am prepared to suffer the worst you can inflict upon me.

**FIRST OFFICER.** Astonishing friendship!

**THE SOLDIERS.** Alas, what a disappointment! How this fellow has imposed upon us! So, after all our trouble, we have been deceived, mocked, abused, and deprived of our prey, when it was in our hands. Let

him suffer the severest punishment for thus betraying us.

ANTHONY. I perceive, fellow soldiers, that you are angry at this imposition. But you have really got a better booty than you intended. You sought an enemy, but you have brought me a friend. I know not how I should have treated Brutus, had you brought him alive: but I am sure that it is better to have the friendship of such a man as Licinius, than his enmity. Give me your hand, Licinius, and from this moment, if Brutus occupies the first place in your heart, suffer me to possess the second. Rank me in the number of your friends. I shall think myself honoured by the title, as I do now by showing you the tribute due to your disinterested virtue.

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DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

AS several persons are introduced in the ensuing dialogue, it may be necessary to explain their rank and connexion.

Dionysius, *Tyrant of Syracuse.*

Damon, *condemned to death by the Tyrant.*

Pythias, *his friend.*

Cleomedes, }  
Polydectes, } *Courtiers.*

*Dionysius, Cleomedes, and Polydectes.*

DIONYSIUS. What an extraordinary man is this Pythias, who has offered himself as an hostage for Damon. I thought the terms I proposed, when Damon asked permission to return to his own country, to take leave of his wife and settle his affairs, were such as had been impossible to have been complied with. I had not the most distant idea that any one could be found so foolish or romantic as voluntarily to exchange freedom for the horrors of a prison, and to subject himself to suffer for another, who is gone into a distant country, far from danger, from whence he will never be mad enough to return.

POLYDECTES. It was a fine stratagem of Damon's, to impose thus upon the weakness of Pythias, and by this base artifice to escape

from the jaws of death, and leave the poor deluded fool a prey to his enraged enemy.

**DIONYSIUS.** Pythias pretends to have perfect confidence in Damon's return, and talks of friendship as of a connexion so pure and exalted, that it will raise a man above the interests of self. I shall put these romantic notions to the test, for he may depend upon one thing, that one or the other shall be sacrificed to my resentment.

**CLEOMEDES.** These are pretty sentiments for poets and fabulists, and are well suited to adorn an entertaining fiction: but who ever saw an instance in real life, of a man who was ready to devote his life for his friend, or who did not, on every occasion, prefer his own interests to those of the whole world.

**POLYDECTES.** This is a mere imposition. Pythias is a poor, weak, deluded wretch, betrayed by the artful promises of Damon, who doubtless persuaded him, that it was very noble and heroic to offer himself to remain as a pledge for the return of his friend; and bound himself by a solemn oath to come back by the appointed time, and then that the

honour alone would belong to Pythias, and immortalize his name; whilst the deceitful Damon enjoys his security, and laughs at the credulity of the man he has thus cruelly ensnared.

DIONYSIUS. I am not a little chagrined to have suffered myself to be tricked out of my victim by a ridiculous tale; but I will be revenged for it: Pythias shall suffer death instead of the false Damon. This day is appointed for the execution, and I am impatient to know whether he still relies upon the fidelity of his friend. We will go, and see how he behaves, as the time draws nigh. I believe his heroic notions of friendship will prove unsubstantial, when the terrors of an immediate death present themselves before him.

*A Prison.*

*Pythias in chains. Dionysius, Cleomedes, and Polydectes come in.*

DIONYSIUS. We are come to observe the effect of your folly and madness, in thus con-

siding in the faith of any man. Can you believe that there exists another so infatuated, that, when he has completely escaped the threatened danger, will voluntarily return and expose himself to a painful and ignominious death. This is not the hour to indulge such visionary speculations: the delusion is vanished. Damon has betrayed you with false professions of ideal virtue and disinterestedness, which have no real existence but in the imaginations of philosophers and poets. Banish such idle dreams from your mind, and believe me serious, when I command you to prepare for instant death.

PYTHIAS, (*with a countenance expressive of manly dignity.*) My liege, I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my Damon should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot be deficient in it. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and



suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times more precious, more valuable, than my own; more estimable to his wife, to his dear little innocents, to his friends, to his country! Oh! suffer me not to undergo the worst of deaths, in beholding that of my Damon.

DIONYSIUS. Unaccountable enthusiasm! Can you be sincere in these professions? I am almost staggered at what I behold. Yet I cannot persuade myself that there is any such thing as pure, disinterested virtue. I will be present at the execution, that I may see whether he is supported by these magnanimous sentiments to the last. Attend me to the place where he is to suffer. Let all things be prepared.

### *A Public Square.*

*Dionysius, seated on a moving throne drawn by six white horses; the place surrounded by guards. Pythias led forth to execution. He jumps upon the scaffold, and with a cheerful countenance addresses the multitude.*

PYTHIAS. My prayers are heard; the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. Oh! could I erase from your bosom every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. In the mean time, be it sufficient that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily confirm it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself and the adverse elements. But I haste to prevent his speed. Executioner, to your office.

CLEOMEDES. There is a man at a distance at full speed; his horse is in a foam, he outstrips the wind! surely it cannot be Damon.

POLYDECTES. It is he! it is he! stop the execution. This is beyond belief.

*(The crowd cry out,)* Stop! stop! stop the execution! *(Damon rides up to the*

*scaffold, leaps off his horse, and embraces Pythias in his arms.)*

DAMON. Thou art safe! thou art safe, my friend! my beloved. Heaven be praised, thou art safe. I have now nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which stung me to the heart, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.

PYTHIAS. Fatal haste! cruel impatience! what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour. But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save you, I will not survive you.

DIONYSIUS. Live, live ye incomparable pair! you have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally asserts the certainty of a God to reward it. Live happy. Live renowned. And form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to become worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

## CRÆSUS, KING OF LYDIA.

**CRÆSUS**, king of Lydia, was famous for his riches and magnificence, beyond all the monarchs of the east. He appears to have been a very weak man, placing all his ideas of happiness in external possessions, without ever reflecting on the vicissitudes of human life. Accustomed, from infancy, to the enjoyment of the personal indulgencies of wealth, and every gratification that the pride of life can bestow, by a consciousness of superiority of rank to those with whom he conversed, he could not be awakened from his insensibility to a possible change of his affairs, even by the admonitions of the wise Solon; till adversity and experience, those inexorable instructors, taught him a deep lesson of humiliation. Reduced to the extreme of human misery, he began to use his reason, and recalled to his mind the advice he had formerly rejected. How many, young people especially, like

Croesus, will not listen to the dictates of wisdom, till they have wandered far in the paths of error, and in consequence severely smarted for their folly. The principal end to be pursued in reading history, is to profit by the example of those characters that are presented to our observation; but if we do not give attention to the warning they afford, we may be assured that the same causes will always produce the same effects; that a virtuous course of life must eventually produce a proportionable degree of comfort and happiness; and that vice must be followed by remorse, disgrace, and misfortune. Had Croesus listened to the precepts of Solon, he might have attained such a degree of fortitude and moderation, as would have enabled him to meet the alteration of his condition with decency and resolution; or perhaps have acquired sufficient prudence to have avoided his fate. The voice of instruction is worth our serious attention, whether it proceed from our superiors, or those below us in rank and fortune. It is the part of good sense to glean wisdom from every quarter, and never despise

advice, though when given it may appear trifling and unimportant.

The speakers in the following conversation are, Cræsus, Solon, Cyrus king of Persia, Æsop the fabulist, Demophoon and Phantias Lydian courtiers.

*Cræsus, Demophoon, Phantias, and other Courtiers.*

**CRÆSUS.** I am impatient for the arrival of Solon. He is celebrated for wisdom. His fame extends over all Greece, and I am ambitious of the applause of such a philosopher.

**DEMOPHOON.** His arrival is hourly expected. He will probably be here presently; and there can be no doubt of his approbation of a king, whose fortune is so splendid, and whose princely munificence attracts the esteem of every beholder.

**PHANIAS.** What monarch can vie with you in the magnificence of his palaces, the richness of his furniture, the brilliancy of his jewels, or the number of his treasures.

CRÆSUS. Few kings, indeed, can boast of such happiness as mine. Let every thing be put in order against his arrival, and my treasures displayed to the best advantage; that he may see and admire, and acknowledge that there is no mortal whose state can be compared with mine.

PHANIAS. I shall be curious to observe his surprise and wonder at the magnificent objects that will call for his attention, especially as they will be new and unusual to him. The simplicity of a republic affords no spectacle comparable to the brilliancy of a court.

DEMOPHOON. And Greece cannot produce a court, that dare boast of any pretension to equal our royal master's, either for riches or elegance; therefore be assured of obtaining his decided preference.

PHANIAS. Every thing that can delight and please contributes to render your life happy. Grandeur, power, and a fortunate concurrence of successful events, have rendered you the most blest of monarchs; and

doubtless you will ever remain the distinguished favourite of Heaven, crowned with the possession of all human enjoyment, during the course of a long life; at the end of which you will pass into the habitation of gods and heroes, and be numbered among the deities.

DEMOPHOON. Temples will be raised to your honour, and the numerous victims that will smoke upon your altars, will show the gratitude of mankind, at the remembrance of your happy reign.

*Enter Solon, plainly dressed, conducted by a Lydian Courtier.*

COURTIER. Solon, the wisest of Grecian philosophers, is come to throw himself at your feet, to acknowledge that you are the greatest of kings, and that you excel all mortals in felicity.

SOLON. Answer for yourself; but beware of declaring the sentiments of another, with whose character you are unacquainted. I am not come to offer the tribute of adulation and flattery, but to declare those truths that



may be beneficial to those who stand in need of them.

**CRÆSUS.** Solon, your obedience to our summons is an agreeable mark of your respect. We have heard much of your wisdom, and wish to obtain your approbation and esteem.

**SOLON.** Virtue is the only possession that has a just title to esteem, and from that, it cannot be withheld, whether it appear in a monarch or a peasant.

**CRÆSUS.** But you cannot refuse your approbation to the blessings of prosperity. Visit my treasury, the repository of my riches, it blazes with gold and diamonds; they are arranged in the most advantageous order; they claim your admiration: and when you have seen them, return, and tell me if you have known any mortal happier than I am. Phantias, be it your office to conduct Solon through all the apartments of my palace; let nothing be omitted. Show him every object that can convince him of the magnificence of my possessions.

**PH. NIAS.** Rely upon my assiduity: I

shall not fail to point out every thing worthy his attention.

SOLON. Great king, I obey, and shall follow my conductor wherever you think proper to direct; but expect no unmanly compliance from Solon. I am accustomed to speak nothing but plain truth, which may be disagreeable to royal ears. I will answer your questions with sincerity, and give you my real sentiments, which is the most unequivocal token of my esteem and regard.

[*Exit Solon and Phantias.*

CRÆSUS. This philosopher has attained great reputation for wisdom and prudence; but he seems wholly unacquainted with the polished manners of a court.

DEMOPHOON. If he continue at Sardis we shall improve him; by degrees he will lose the blunt manner of expressing his opinions: if he is not careful to say what is agreeable, at least he will soften it by a pleasing expression.

CRÆSUS. Ambassadors from Cyrus, king of Persia, demand an audience, I am going to receive them; and when Solon has ex-

amined the vast riches of my palaces, let him be brought again into my presence, that I may then hear whether he thinks any mortal excels me in riches and happiness.

*Cræsus, Solon, Æsop, Demophoon, Phantias, &c.*

**CRÆSUS.** Well, Solon, you have seen all my possessions: you must now confess that I am surrounded by every thing that conduces to human felicity. In the course of your observation, have you ever seen a man whom you think happier than I am?

**SOLON.** If I am to reply with sincerity, I must declare that I consider Tellus a much happier man, who, though but a simple citizen of Athens, was a character of great worth. He left a numerous family behind him to inherit his virtues; lived always in a decent mediocrity; and died gloriously, fighting for his country.

**CRÆSUS.** I resign the first place to Tellus; but certainly you will allot me the second. You do not know any other person who has a higher claim to happiness than I have.

**SOLON.** Forgive me, if I assign that claim to Cleobis and Biton, famous for their fraternal affection, and filial piety towards their mother; for, the oxen not being ready, they put themselves in the harness, and drew her to the Temple of Juno, exulting in the dutiful conduct of her sons, and proceeding amidst the blessings of her people. After the sacrifice, they enjoyed a social repast with their friends, and then retired to peaceful slumbers, from which they never awoke, but expired without sorrow or pain, crowned with immortal glory.

**CRÆSUS.** Riches, honours, and power, seem to have no value in your estimation. You do not then allow us any place among the number of the happy.

**SOLON.** King of Lydia, among the numerous blessings bestowed on the Greeks, a spirit of moderation, which has no taste for the splendours of royalty, is none of the least. The vicissitudes of human life instruct us not to be elated by any tide of present good fortune, or to depend upon that felicity which, from its very nature, is liable to change.

Various and uncertain are the events of futurity. That man, whom heaven blesses to the termination of his life, we esteem happy. But the felicity of him who still lives, and has the accidents of life to encounter, whatever may be his present state, appears to us no more to be depended upon, than that of a champion before the combat is determined, and while the crown is yet to be obtained; which, though it may appear almost in his possession, the next moment may deprive him of, and bestow upon his victorious opponent.

**CRÆSUS.** Your observations are like evil omens. I have no pleasure in hearing them; let me enjoy the present moment, without embittering it with the uncertain possibility of future events. Whilst you remain with us, if you cannot express your approbation of our happiness and prosperity, avoid reflections that are both disagreeable and useless. *[Withdraws displeas'd.]*

**DEMOPHOON.** Cræsus is retired in displeasure: he is accustomed to receive the applauses of all who approach him, and the

blunt admonitions of philosophy are unpleasant and offensive.

PHANIAS. Courts are the school of polite adulation; and plain truth is a stranger there, that is seldom welcome.

ÆSOP. I am concerned, my dear Solon, to see that your sincerity has offended Cræsus. Truth and wisdom are not suited to those who are used to flattery and misrepresentation. Believe my experience; a man should either not converse with kings, or study to say what will please them.

SOLON. Æsop, you are misled by the love of your own interest, and the influence of the example of the courtiers with whom you have associated. Flattery and falsehood may become the fawning sycophants of a court, but are unworthy the dignity of a philosopher; therefore, I say, in opposition to your remark, that a man should either not converse at all with kings, or say what is useful to them.

*An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Demophoon and Phantias.*

PHANIAS. Cyrus has refused all terms of

accommodation, he is determined to attack the city sword in hand. The king is in the greatest alarm; he has summoned his most experienced generals; they now hold a council upon the best method of defence.

DEMOPHOON. What general have we to oppose to Cyrus? Resistance is vain; we have nothing to do but to surrender ourselves, and all that we have, to this illustrious conqueror. He has passed his whole life in a camp; is well acquainted with all the stratagems of war; and when he sits down before a town, is almost certain of taking it.

PHANIAS. Despair has seized our soldiers. They are unused to discipline, and dare not face such brave enemies.

DEMOPHOON. We lose time in talking, when our royal master stands in need of our best services. He, who has always lived in the luxurious indulgence of his own palace, will be unable to sustain this reverse of fortune; let us find him and try to console him. [*Loud shouts heard from all quarters of the city.*]

PHANIAS What mean these shouts? I

fear all is lost. I will betake myself to Cyrus, and by trusting to his clemency, perhaps save my life. Cræsus has no longer any thing to bestow; and the hour is come when every one must take care of himself.

*Enter Citizens at different doors.*

FIRST CITIZEN. Why do you loiter here? flee, and save your lives.

SECOND CITIZEN. All is yielded to victorious Cyrus. He attacked the city vigorously in every quarter, and soon made a breach on the western side. Our troops fled like cowards unused to fighting. Cræsus is fallen into the hands of the enemy. The Persian soldiers approach the palace, allured by the treasures it contains; if you desire to escape their fury, you have not a moment to lose. [*Shouts and sound of trumpets.*]

PHANIAS. Whither can I flee! to what place of security can I retreat.

DEMOPHOON. Alas! alas! this trying hour convinces me that prosperity is but a bubble.



*Enter Soldiers.*

FIRST SOLDIER. Here are two of his chief lords; we will make prisoners of them. Comrades, assist me to bind them; we will carry them to Cyrus, that they may attend their king to execution. I hear he is to suffer on a funeral pile.

SECOND SOLDIER. We will assist you: it does not require much force to manage such effeminate wretches as these Lydians.

THIRD SOLDIER. Let them follow Cyrus; he will teach them the use of their limbs by exercise. He will suffer no dastardly cowards in his army. Come, let us make haste to carry them before the king.

*An open place. Cyrus seated on a throne, surrounded by officers, guards, &c. Cræsus at a little distance, bound and laid on a pile of wood, in order to be burnt to death.*

CYRUS. Although I think it necessary to make an example of Cræsus, that other kings may yield more readily to my victorious arms, I am unwilling the innocent multitude

should be sacrificed to the brutal violence of the soldiery: therefore let their fury be restrained; give strict orders that they spare the people. I feel even for this pusillanimous wretch, who has always wallowed in the most unmanly luxury. What a reverse does he now experience.

CRÆSUS (*on the pile.*) O Solon! Solon! Solon.

CYRUS. On whom does he call for deliverance? Solon is a name with which I am unacquainted. Go and enquire what deity he thus invokes.

[*The messenger goes to Cræsus and returns.*]

MESSENGER. Cræsus desires that I would inform you, it is no god that he calls upon in his extreme calamity, but one of the wise men of Greece.

CYRUS. I will go to him, and hear what reasons he can give for so earnestly invoking him who is incapable of affording him help.

CYRUS (*approaching Cræsus.*) Who is this Solon, upon whom you call for help? He can give you no assistance.

CRÆSUS. Oh! that I had listened to his

wise precepts when they were offered to me. I might either have avoided my present disgrace and misery, or have learned how to bear my misfortunes with more fortitude. He is one of the wise men of Greece, whom I sent for to my court; not with a design to listen to his wisdom, or to acquire knowledge that might be useful to me, but that he might see, and extend the reputation of that glory, of which I find the loss a much greater misfortune, than the possession of it was a blessing. My exalted state was a mere external advantage—the happiness of opinion: but this sad reverse plunges me into real sufferings, and ends in my entire destruction. This was foreseen by that great man, who, forming a conjecture of the future, by what he then saw, advised me to consider the end of life, and not to rely or presume upon the uncertainty of present good fortune.

CYRUS. His wise counsel shall not sink into oblivion, wholly disregarded. I, who am at the height of prosperity, will listen to its dictates. My present tide of success may

turn. You are a striking example before my eyes of the fickleness of fortune. Soldiers, unbind him; I restore you to your liberty and kingdom, in return for the lesson you have taught me. Let Solon be informed, that his advice has saved one king, and instructed another.

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SIR RICHARD HERBERT.

**T**HE solemn nature of a promise, either expressed or understood, cannot be too maturely considered; for whether the matter in question be of great or small concern, we are equally bound to perform that which we have engaged to do; therefore, we should be very cautious of promising any thing that may be attended with difficulty in the performance, or which may lie beyond the extent of our abilities. Nothing is more likely to form the mind to a proper observance of this duty, than adopting an early habit of punctuality, even in the merest trifles. It is not beneath the attention of the preceptors of

youth, to accustom their pupils to the most exact regularity in this particular, which may be a means of influencing their future conduct in life, and cherishing that high sense of honour and love of truth, which will lead them to keep their word, at the price of self-interest; nay, by the sacrifice of life itself, if they have been rash enough to expose it to risk. This lesson is exemplified in the two following conversations: the chief heroes of each were exposed to situations that are not likely to occur in common life. They both remained faithful to their engagements, under the strongest temptations to evade them. In more easy circumstances the path of rectitude may be preserved, if sincerity and resolution combine in the mind of him who has bound himself by a promise. But it is a wiser line of conduct to avoid such difficulties, by abstaining from such engagements. A wise man will not voluntarily put on shackles, and a generous one will rather perform beyond expectation, than fall short of satisfying the hope he has raised.

At the time this event happened, Sir

Richard Herbert was commander of the siege of Harlech Castle, in Merionethshire, in the reign of Edward the Fourth.

*Sir Richard and several Officers conversing in his tent.*

SIR RICHARD. My friends, the strength of this castle has hitherto foiled all our attempts, and I much fear it will disappoint our future endeavours.

FIRST OFFICER. The more I examine its situation, the more I am convinced that blockade and famine are the only effectual means of reducing it.

SECOND OFFICER. Any other method of attack will be a fruitless sacrifice of the lives of our gallant soldiers.

SIR RICHARD. Do you think that they will be able to hold out long. Have you been able to obtain any intelligence with respect to their store of provisions.

FIRST OFFICER. A deserter, that came over to us this morning, assures me that their stores are nearly exhausted, and that without a fresh supply they must soon open their

gates to us. So that our chief business appears to be, that of preventing all communication from the country, and strictly guarding every avenue to the castle.

SIR RICHARD. If this be the case, I must endeavour to restrain my impatience, and remain contented, waiting till hunger effects that, which our most strenuous exertions are unable to accomplish. (*A trumpet sounds.*) What means that trumpet? Perhaps the governor is inclined to listen to terms of accommodation.

[*A servant comes in with a letter.*]

SERVANT. Sir Richard, a message from the governor.

SIR RICHARD (*reads.*) The very thing I was wishing for. He demands a parley. I hope we shall soon find him willing to put the castle into our hands. My brave friends, attend me; I shall meet him at the castle gate.

*Sir Richard Herbert, Governor, Officers, &c. before the gate of the Castle.*

SIR RICHARD. I come to hear what conditions you have to propose; though it is ne-

cessary to premise, that nothing less than the surrender of the castle will be accepted.

GOVERNOR. The strong situation of the fortress I command would enable me to defend it from your boldest attacks; but our provisions being nearly exhausted, and the love I bear to the men who serve under me, uniting with a spirit of returning loyalty to my sovereign, induce me to offer to surrender my commission to you, and to resign the castle into your hands; but before I deliver up the keys, you must solemnly pledge your word to comply with one condition.

SIR RICHARD. Name it; and if it be not inconsistent with my honour and duty, I shall readily agree to your proposal.

GOVERNOR. Conscious of having acted in opposition to his majesty, and knowing the warmth of his temper, I dreaded his just resentment; and though I am ready to give every testimony that he may require, of my future fidelity and attachment to him and the royal family, in order to efface the remembrance of my past disaffection, I am afraid of relying entirely on his mercy; therefore I



will not deliver up the keys, till you have promised that my life shall be spared.

SIR RICHARD. Your demand is beyond my commission. It is the king alone who can grant you this request. But I solemnly promise to do every thing in my power to save your life.

GOVERNOR. Sir Richard, I know you are a man of scrupulous honour, and on that account will confide in the performance of your promise. Here are the keys; you are now master of the castle: treat my brave comrades with lenity; and though their resistance has cost you so much trouble, respect courage and merit, even in an enemy.

SIR RICHARD. I accept your terms. You must go with me to the king, that I may entreat him to grant me the favour of your life.

*Sir Richard presents the Governor to the King. They both kneel.*

SIR RICHARD. Most gracious sovereign, I have the good fortune to bring you the pleasing intelligence of the surrender of Har-

lech Castle. Here is the governor, for whose life I am come to plead. He has delivered up the keys of an important fortress, which he might have defended, in full confidence that I should be able to procure his pardon.

**KING EDWARD.** He has rebelled against his natural sovereign, and it is proper to make an example of him, in order to deter others from the like crime; upon which account I cannot pardon him.

**SIR RICHARD.** I ventured to give him an expectation, that my interest with your majesty would be likely to prevail in his favour, and I solemnly pledged my word, to exert it to the utmost of my power, which induced him to capitulate; therefore I feel myself bound in honour to urge my request, and again most humbly beseech that you will extend your royal mercy towards him.

**KING EDWARD.** Rise, Sir Richard. It is with reluctance I refuse you any thing you ask; but, since you were not empowered to pardon any one, and you have represented the affair to me, you have acquitted yourself

of your engagement; and must leave me to execute justice.

SIR RICHARD. I have not yet satisfied my conscience; I promised that I would do every thing in my power to save him; therefore I earnestly request your grace will grant me one of two things:—either to replace the governor in the castle, in the situation in which I found him, and commission some other person to attack and subdue him; or accept my life for his, which is the utmost proof I can give of my sincere endeavours to procure his pardon.

KING EDWARD. You are very earnest, indeed, to save this man. He deserves to die; but you are so importunate in his favour, that I suffer myself to be prevailed upon to yield to your solicitations. But remember, it is the only reward I shall bestow for your services.

SIR RICHARD. Most sincerely do I thank you, gracious king, for this mark of your favour; nor do I desire any other reward. You have preserved my honour, which is dearer to me than any thing on earth.

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THE MOOR AND SPANISH CAVALIER.

*The Moor walking in his Garden, the Spanish Cavalier leaps over the wall.*

MOOR.

WHAT bold intruder dares enter here, in this unusual and rude manner?

SPANIARD, (*falls on his knees at the feet of the Moor.*) Forgive my sudden and unexpected appearance in your presence. If you will give a patient ear to my sad story, it may change your displeasure into compassion; and you may be induced to pity my misfortunes, and render me the assistance of which I stand so much in need.

MOOR. Relate your unhappy tale. You have raised my curiosity, and if I can serve you, I shall willingly do it. My heart is not insensible to the woes of others.

SPANIARD. Alas! I flee from the pursuit of justice. A fatal quarrel has long subsisted

between me and a young man of a noble family, from whom I thought I had received an insult. I have tried in vain, by many stratagems, to satiate my revenge, and have always been disappointed; till last night, as I was returning from a tavern, heated with wine, I saw him pass the corner of a street. I knew which way he must go, and waylaid him in a private part of the city. I soon dispatched him, and thought the action had been concealed from every eye. My intention was to have left the city before day-break, and have put myself out of reach of pursuit; but unfortunately a servant followed him, who knew of our animosity, and suspicious of the event, watched me, and discovered that his master had been sacrificed to my resentment. He immediately alarmed the officers of justice, and pursued me so vigorously, that had not I availed myself of a sudden turn at the end of the lane that passes by the side of your house, and leaped over your garden wall, I must inevitably have fallen into their hands. My life is in your power. I rely wholly on your generosity and humanity. If you are a

parent, think what the sufferings of my unhappy mother will be, should you refuse me protection. I am her only remaining child, and the comfort of her widowed age. If you condemn my conduct, and are unwilling to extend your mercy to me for my own sake, let her maternal feelings plead for me. Spare her the heart-rending agony of hearing that her darling child is fallen a victim to the laws of his country.

MOOR. Your arguments have moved me to pity your miserable situation; but I am at a loss to know what means are to be adopted to serve you most effectually.

SPANIARD. Generous Moor, conceal me till my pursuers are weary of the search, and when the obscurity of night shall be favourable to the attempt, I will endeavour to make my escape.

MOOR. There is a private closet in this summer-house, that cannot be discovered by a stranger. Go into it; you may remain there secure from the strictest search, till I return, which I promise to do in the evening; when,

upon the word of a man of veracity, I will provide means for your future safety.

SPANIARD. No thanks, my kind protector, can be sufficiently expressive of my gratitude for such favour in the moment of distress.

MOOR. There is no time to spare for acknowledgments. Conceal yourself as speedily as possible. Adieu, till we meet again.

*An apartment in the Moor's house.*

*The Moor reading.—A Servant comes in abruptly.*

SERVANT. Sir, your brother and several gentlemen desire to speak with you immediately, on the most urgent business.

MOOR. I am ready to receive them: desire them to walk in. [*Moor's brother and friends enter the room with dejected countenances.*]

BROTHER. Alas! my brother, we are messengers of woe.

MOOR. What misfortune has happened?

Your countenances bespeak extreme distress. If your ill tidings concern me, speak the worst; certainty is more easy to support than suspense.

**BROTHER.** Have you seen your son to-day?

**MOOR.** My son! surely no accident has befallen him! Speak, brother, for I am all anxiety, till I know what is the matter.

**BROTHER.** How shall I find courage to speak it, when I am sure my words will inflict the deepest wounds into your heart!

**MOOR.** Hesitate no longer. I desire to hear it, whatever it be.

**BROTHER.** Your dear son is no more. A fatal quarrel has deprived you of him. As he was returning home late last night, Anselmo perceived that they were dogged by a Spanish Cavalier, who had been long seeking an opportunity of revenge; and suspicious of his designs, watched at a distance, but by some accident missed him, as he went through a narrow passage, and, alarmed at the circumstance, quickened his pace, and found his beloved master weltering in his blood. The



faithful creature immediately raised an alarm, and pursued the assassin. He is vigorous, young, and active, and has eluded their pursuit. They are still upon the search, and as he is remarkable for a mole on the left cheek, we think that he cannot escape from their vigilance.

MOOR, (*aside.*) A mole upon the left cheek! unhappy father. I have certainly promised to conceal the murderer of my son. (*Aloud.*) Alas! words can but faintly express my feelings. Suffer me to retire. I am overwhelmed with the deepest affliction, and require the consolation of devotion and reflection to calm my agitated mind.

MOOR, (*alone.*) To what a miserable strait am I reduced by my own rashness! I promised to protect and assist this man to flee from his pursuers; but how can I fulfil this engagement consistently with the duty I owe to the memory of my beloved child? Whichever way I decide, my conscience will condemn me. (*He muses awhile.*) But let me consider. When I pledged my faith, I was ignorant of my son's misfortune. Can

any subsequent event have power to justify the violation of a solemn engagement? Vengeance I leave to thee, All Gracious Disposer of Events, and go to perform what I promised to do. I will release this barbarous murderer; this destroyer of my peace. Forgive me, dear departed shade, if I dare not break my word, even to revenge thy cruel injuries.

*Midnight. The Moor enters the garden, unlocks the summer-house, and releases the Spaniard from the place of his retreat.*

MOOR. Christian! the youth, whom you have murdered, was my only son. Your crime merits the severest punishment; but I have solemnly pledged my word for your security; and I disdain to violate even a rash engagement with a cruel enemy. One of my swiftest mules is ready at the garden gate to carry you to a place of safety. Flee, whilst the darkness of the night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just, and I humbly thank him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have reserved judgment unto him.

## DUKE OF AREMBERG.

AS example is generally allowed to be more prevalent than mere precept, I could not but suppose that so singular an instance of patience and resignation, under a personal calamity, as the character of the Duke of Aremberg exhibits, might tend to reconcile us to various lesser evils, that each one has to suffer in the course of human life. Our present state is not designed to afford perfect happiness. Every individual has his own private allay: the allotment of many is deep trials and severe afflictions. Such is the law of our present state of existence; and since no wisdom or prudence can avert it, it becomes a rational being to consider the best means of alleviating his condition, and of rendering unavoidable evils tolerable. Providence has not neglected to supply us with many dispositions admirably calculated to produce this effect, if we are but wise enough to avail ourselves of them.

Cheerfulness, love of employment, and a capability of restraining our impatience and discontent under disappointment, are means of diminishing the weight of misfortunes, and even of rendering us insensible to small inconveniences, which, though individually trifling, are, when summed up together, sufficiently powerful to embitter the daily enjoyment of those persons who indulge a spirit of discontent. But leaving my reader to make his own comments on the animating example that I have chosen as the subject of the ensuing conversation, I hasten to give some account of the principal speaker. The Duke is now living; and lost his eye-sight, some years ago, by an accident. He is cheerful and active, and has been heard to acknowledge, that he is a stranger to depression of spirits. The loss of eye-sight seems to have added force to his remaining senses: he plays at cards, hunts on horseback, and performs many things, of which one would suppose him incapable. His contentment and cheerfulness, united with the activity of his disposition, are undoubtedly a full compensa-

tion for his misfortune, and teach an instructive lesson of the importance of resignation to the will of Providence, under the most painful dispensations.

*A terrace overlooking a fine park, a distant view of the country beyond it, and an old castle perceived through the trees.*

*Duke of Aremberg, leaning on the arm of Maria his daughter, accompanied by the Count de Saussure his friend.*

MARIA. With what glowing colours has the setting sun tinged the horizon! Every object before us reflects a part of his golden splendour. The varied clouds present a rich assemblage of colours, that neither pencil can paint, nor words describe: the russet brown of the corn-fields is become yellow by his rays. The moon begins to rise and display a less splendid, but more pleasing view: her modest silver beams amply compensate for the absence of the sun.

COUNT. This terrace is remarkably well situated for enjoying the calm pleasures of the

evening. The extensive view that it commands, the western horizon, on the left hand, enriched by the beauties of the declining sun; that large sheet of water, that adorns the park, spread out in the centre, and sparkling with the moonshine that reflects upon it: on the right, yon tall grove of oaks, whose venerable shade fills the mind with an idea of vastness and majesty, combines with the other objects around, to render the whole scene delightful.

MARIA. My dear father, your misfortune deprives you of the pleasure of perceiving these beauties, which afford us so much gratification; how happy should I be, could you partake of my enjoyment.

DUKE. The pleasures that arise from the contemplation of nature, are not conveyed to us by one sense alone. The song of the nightingale, the fragrance of the flowers, and the refreshing breezes of the evening air, affect me, perhaps, with stronger sensations, than those who enjoy the privilege of sight. Nor do I lose so much as your tenderness leads you to suppose. Imagination paints every scene in higher colours than reality presents it.

How much superior is my condition to that of one born blind! for, though insensible of his misfortune, he is absolutely deprived of the whole train of ideas that arise from visible objects; whereas memory, aided by the power of fancy, supplies me with many sources of entertainment, that are wholly inaccessible to him.

COUNT. Your resignation and patience excite my surprise, and at the same time convince me, that every evil may be diminished, by submitting to it with resolution.

MARIA. Nay more; my dear father not only bears his loss with fortitude, but frequently draws consolation from comparing himself, even under the circumstance of his blindness, with multitudes of his fellow-creatures; who, he says, are far more unhappy in the full possession of all their senses.

DUKE. Are not ignorance, prejudice, bad habits, and tempestuous passions, greater evils in their consequences, than any that can arise from want of eye-sight? and yet thousands that are called people of condition, suffer this

mental blindness without regret, or even being sensible of their defect.

COUNT. There are few situations, I allow, but may receive advantage from a comparison with the lot of many around us; but we are too apt to be so sensibly affected by any deprivation we ourselves suffer, as to lose sight of the sufferings of others.

DUKE. Self-love partakes of the nature of every other vice, and whilst it banishes sympathy with the misfortunes of others from our bosoms, becomes its own chastiser, by centering our attention on our particular troubles, and by that means increasing them.

MARIA. My father is indeed a practical philosopher; he teaches me, by his own daily example, to draw good out of evil: patience and courage are the powerful antidotes with which he resists the misfortunes of life. When the tenderness I feel for him incites me to bewail his blindness, he frequently reproves me for indulging a spirit of discontent; nor dare I express the sensations of my full heart, when I perceive that he undergoes pain or inconve-



nience from that circumstance, lest I should offend him by my complaints.

DUKE. The filial tenderness and dutiful attentions of my beloved Maria, afford a source of enjoyment peculiarly grateful to the mind of a fond parent: and shall I possess this blessing combined with many others, such as health, fortune, and an active disposition, which supplies me with variety of amusement, without offering the sacrifice of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Great and Beneficent Disposer of events, who has counterbalanced my loss of sight with so large a share of good things? No, Maria, let us rather, by every means in our power, cultivate a disposition to be happy, by looking on the brightest side of our condition; remembering, that the most unfortunate amongst men, though he be eminently virtuous, still possesses more blessings and enjoyments, than he can possibly claim by any merits or deserts of his own.

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M. DUVAL;

*Or the Influence of Merit balanced against Obscurity  
of Birth.*

**HISTORY** furnishes numberless instances of merit and genius, that, by some accidental circumstance, have been drawn from obscurity, and, by intrinsic worth, have surmounted the difficulties of poverty and retirement. Among the multitudes who are compelled to labour for their daily subsistence, it is reasonable to suppose that talents of various kinds are scattered; but want of opportunity, or suitable cultivation, smothers the latent spark, and prevents it from displaying its powers. The gifts of nature are more equally bestowed, than pride and ignorance are willing to allow. Education makes the difference. The son of the peasant, born in a cottage, and allotted to the menial occupations of poverty, may possess abilities, were they nourished by the fostering hand of cultivation, suited to the

noblest pursuits. It is the dignified and delightful office of all persons in high rank, but in a particular manner of kings and rulers, to draw modest merit from obscurity, and, by every honourable token of encouragement and protection, tempt, as it were, individuals to emerge from the privacy of their respective situations, and contribute, by the exertion of their peculiar talents, to the public welfare.

The ancient government of Egypt was exceedingly defective in this respect, and tended rather to suppress genius than to call it forth. It obliged every son to follow the profession of his father, and, by rendering certain occupations hereditary in a family, prevented the voice of nature from pointing out the pursuit best adapted to the turn of mind of each individual. What a beautiful contrast to this line of conduct, does the character of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, present. The *Belles Lettres* flourished under his protection. He established a kind of university at Luneville, where the young German nobility came to be

instructed. The real sciences were there taught in schools, where the theory of natural philosophy was demonstrated to the eye, by the most curious apparatus. He sought out men of talents, even in the shops and in the woods, to bring them forward, and that he might patronize them himself. Nor did he bestow his attention on learning alone: the good of his people was the chief object and design of his reign. He found his dominions a desert waste, he re peopled and enriched them, and preserved them in peace, while the rest of Europe was desolated by war. He was the father of his people, and procured for them tranquillity, riches, knowledge, and pleasure. "I would quit my sovereignty to-morrow," said he, "if I could no longer do good." He enjoyed the reward of his princely virtues, in the grateful affection of his subjects. His name, long after his decease, drew tears of tenderness from their eyes. The hero of the following dialogue was a distinguished object of his munificence and patronage. He rose from the most obscure situation, under the protection of Luin and his son

Francis, afterwards Emperor of Germany, to be superintendant of the imperial library and collection of medals at Vienna. This extraordinary person, Valentine Jamerai Duval, was born in 1695, in the village of Artony, in Champagne. It may be necessary to remark, that hermits formerly were persons who devoted themselves to a very abstemious and retired course of life, concealing themselves in caves and deserts, from a false idea of devotion; passing their lives in prayer and meditation, and neglecting most of the active duties of a Christian life. Many religious orders among the Roman Catholics have assumed the name of Hermits; of this kind was that society which employed Duval as a cowherd.—

## PERSONS.

Duval—*Cowherd to the Hermits of St. Anne.*

Mr. Foster—*An English gentleman who resided at Luneville.*

Baron Pfutschner—*A nobleman at the court of Leopold.*

Brother Palamon—*One of the Hermits.*

*A heath. Cattle feeding. At a little distance, the Convent of the Hermits of St. Anne. A cow-boy sitting on the ground, leaning against a tree, with a book in his hand, surrounded by books and maps.*

*Mr. Foster, passing by on horseback, stops and looks at the boy with attention.*

MR. FOSTER. If it is not too great an interruption, I should like to know what you are about.

DUVAL. Studying geography, Sir.

FOSTER. I should not suppose, from your appearance, that you understand much of the subject.

DUVAL. Appearances often deceive. I do not give up my time to things that I do not understand.

FOSTER. What place may you be seeking for?

DUVAL. I am endeavouring to find the most direct way to Quebec, that I may go thither and study in the university of that place.

**FOSTER.** There are many universities nearer than Quebec. Your coarse woollen coat, and wooden shoes, would not lead one to suppose that your situation entitled you to become a student in a university.

**DUVAL.** My birth is obscure, and my employment too menial for the bent of my mind. I am at present cowherd to the Hermits of St. Anne, who reside in yonder convent. They are very kind to me, and provide me with sweet milk and good barley bread; and I might be happy in this situation, if I had no ideas beyond it. The love of reading is my delight; and the only means I have of procuring books is by laying snares in the woods for game, which I sell of an evening at Luneville, when the labours of the day are over. The money obtained by this means I lay out at the bookseller's; but I cannot supply myself with a sufficient number of books to satisfy my favourite inclination. My present course of life is ill suited to my taste. I must exchange it for one that will enable me to pursue study and improvement.

**FOSTER.** Cowherd to the Hermits of St. Anne! You are the very person I am in search of. I have been told, that you have found a seal, to which I lay claim. Have you got it about you? I am impatient to see whether it be the seal that I set so high a value upon.

**DUVAL.** You are rightly informed that I have found a seal, which I am ready to deliver to the man that can blazon the arms that are engraven on it; but unless you can satisfy me in this particular, you must excuse me if I desire you to restran your impatience, till I have some assurance that you are the right owner.

**FOSTER.** You are jesting; I cannot suppose that you pretend to know any thing of heraldry, though you may have acquired some knowledge of geography.

**DUVAL.** I am sufficiently acquainted with the science to detect any errors you may make in describing it. The seal is carefully laid up among my things at the hermitage, and shall remain there, till I find an owner,



that proves his title to it by a proper emblazonment.

FOSTER. You are a very extraordinary lad! I will give you every satisfaction you require, and a liberal reward for your honesty, in advertising the seal. It is of gold, and might have proved a too powerful temptation for the virtue of many in your abject condition. Your behaviour in this affair shows a noble spirit of uprightness and independence, consistent with that strength of mind which is marked by your superior attainments. What is your history? I am curious to be informed of every particular relative to you. Tell me, without reserve, whatever has befallen you since you can remember. I am a friend to youth and genius, and shall take pleasure in serving you. This meeting may prove one of the most fortunate circumstances of your life. I will introduce you to our gracious Duke. He will patronize you, and place you where you may indulge your thirst for knowledge, and pursue your favourite studies in the most advantageous manner, without going so far as Quebec.

DUVAL. My story has nothing in it very interesting to a stranger. I have suffered many hardships and difficulties, which I am not unwilling to relate, if you desire to hear them, as they are unstained by any base or unworthy action. I was born at Artonay, a small village in Champagne. My father was a labourer, and died when I was only ten years old. He left my mother nothing to live upon but the produce of her industry. As she had been decently brought up, and was ingenious at her needle, she made a tolerable shift to maintain herself and me, of whom she was exceedingly fond. The principal amusement in which she indulged herself was bestowing a little time every day in teaching me to read; as it was a favourite remark with her, that perhaps it might one day make my fortune. About three years after the death of my father, her health declined, and her disorder, which was a consumption, increased rapidly; she foresaw her approaching dissolution, and felt great anxiety for my future welfare; but being of a religious turn of mind, she put her trust in Providence, and became

resigned to her situation. I shall never forget the advice she gave me a little before she breathed her last. She called me to her bedside. My dear son, said she, tenderly pressing my hand, I have but a little time to live, I feel my strength nearly exhausted; you will be left exposed to the wide world, friendless and unprotected; you will meet with many difficulties and temptations. Rely upon the Divine Power, which will never abandon those who sincerely endeavour to do their duty. You may be poor, and obliged to labour for your daily bread; but poverty is no disgrace, provided it be accompanied with honesty and industry. In whatever distress you may be involved, adhere strictly to the truth; let nothing be able to tempt you to deviate from it, in the smallest instance, either for the sake of concealing a fault, or obtaining an advantage. This conduct, invariably pursued, will in time gain friends and a good character, and is the most likely means of obtaining an advantageous settlement in life.—The small remains of strength being greatly

diminished by this affecting address, she became incapable of continuing her discourse, and in a few hours was released from all her sufferings. At first I was stupified with grief, and, not knowing where to lay my head, I wandered about for some time, living upon the accidental charity of well-disposed persons; but this was a very uncertain support, and I frequently suffered great want and misery. In the beginning of the severe winter of 1709, I travelled towards Lorraine, and fell sick of the small-pox, in the neighbourhood of a village called Monglat. I certainly must have perished, under the united pressure of the inclement season and of the disorder, had it not been for the humane attentions of a poor shepherd, who placed me in a stable, where he sheltered his sheep. He had no better food to give me than coarse bread and water, and no other bed than a truss of straw; but, to these poor accommodations, he added tenderness and the balm of consolation. The breath of the sheep occasioned perspirations that assisted my disorder, and the strength of my constitution

enabled me to surmount it. From that time I passed through various vicissitudes, till chance led me to the hermits of St. Anne, with whom I reside at present. I take care of their cattle, and assist them in cultivating the garden belonging to the hermitage. They treat me with great kindness; and, if I could but be contented to pass my life with the indolence and inactivity of a shepherd, I should not wish to change either my masters or my habitation! but my ambition is excited by nobler objects, and can be satisfied with nothing less than attaining a situation that will enable me to enlarge and cultivate my intellectual faculties.

FOSTER. Such a situation I will procure for you, if possible. I will not lose time conversing with you here, but hasten to Lunceville, that I may represent your merit and circumstances at court. I have no doubt of success. Genius and virtue are the most powerful recommendations there. Adieu, till we meet again.—

DUVAL. This generous stranger has raised hopes in my bosom that I trust will not be

disappointed. I feel a presentiment of good fortune. The sun shines brighter than usual, and all nature has put on her gayest dress; or, to speak more properly, my mind is disposed to behold every thing in a favourable point of view. The hermitage bell summons me to dinner. I must return to my affectionate masters, and relate to them the events of the morning.

*An apartment in the Hermitage. Mr. Foster, Baron Pfutschner, the Hermits, and Duval.*

FOSTER (*Introducing Duval to the Baron.*) It is with pleasure I introduce my young friend to your notice. I flatter myself he will be found worthy of my representation. Virtue, united with genius, are the qualities that have obtained my esteem.

BROTHER PALAMON. Let me add my testimony to his merit. He has served us faithfully these two years, and nothing but the prospect of his future advantage could reconcile us to the separation.

DUVAL. The pleasure that I feel at obtaining an object so long and ardently desired, is greatly embittered by the idea of leaving those I sincerely love, and whose kind protection, when I was deprived of every other, will ever be remembered with filial gratitude.

BARON PFUTSCHNER. The tender reluctance you show at parting with your benevolent friends, does you the highest honour; but I have the happiness to assure you, that the gracious master you are going to serve, our noble Duke Leopold, will recompense you as much as possible for their loss. He proposes to place you in the College of Jesuits of Pont à Mousson, where you may prosecute your studies to what extent your genius may lead you; and if you repay his liberality by perseverance and a progress equal to the expectations you have raised, he will continue a generous patron through life, and bestow those honours and favours that you shall deserve. Take leave of your friends. The carriages are at the gate to convey us to Lune-

ville, where the Duke expects your attendance on him at court.—

[*The Hermits tenderly embrace Duval.*

**BROTHER PALAMON.** We give you our blessing, and trust that the same Providence that has preserved you hitherto, will guide you though the intricate paths of a seductive world.—

**DUVAL.** I thank you for this last mark of your tenderness. The attachment I feel to this beloved retirement, and its highly-honoured inhabitants, will never cease but with my life. If my application be crowned with success, and I should attain independence and leisure, I will return to this spot, and devote part of my fortune to rebuild this hermitage, in which I laid the foundation of all the good that awaits me.—Adieu. Adieu.



## THE CROWN AND HELMET;

*Or the Arts of Peace to be preferred to the Science of War.*

**B**RAVERY and the love of arms have always characterised the French nation; but warlike enthusiasm was never raised to a higher pitch among them, than at the time when Charles the Sixth was a boy; his father, surnamed the Wise, perhaps suspicious that he had imbibed too much of the spirit of the military gallantry of the age, took an ingenious means of discovering the turn of his character, by presenting him with a crown of gold, richly ornamented, and a helmet of polished steel. It is not improbable, that the choice of the young prince might give rise to a dialogue, somewhat similar to that which follows.

**KING.** Affairs of state, and the important duties of royalty, engross so large a portion of

my time and thoughts, as to leave me but few opportunities of enjoying your company: the present half hour being at my own disposal, I have sent for you, that we may pass it together, in the unrestrained freedom of private conversation.

CHARLES. Nothing can be more agreeable to me than the indulgence of visiting you, especially when you are alone, because then I am at liberty to express myself without reserve; but I have not courage to speak freely when you are surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and attendants.

KING. Pomp and ceremony are part of the tribute which kings are obliged to pay to custom and the eminence of their station: the enjoyment of leisure and social intercourse is a rare felicity. Let us avail ourselves of the present opportunity. On that table are placed a crown and a helmet; one of them is designed as a present for you: take your choice of them.

CHARLES. It requires no great deliberation, since you permit me to take that which pleases me best; the helmet is mine.

KING. What motives can induce you to reject a crown, embellished with so many shining jewels, for a helmet of plain steel.

CHARLES. The ornaments of the crown are very beautiful, and adapted to please my sister, but are not conformable to my taste. The love of arms is my delight; and my highest ambition is to become a celebrated warrior, equal in fame to my illustrious ancestors. As I hope to gain your consent to attend the next military expedition, I shall then wear the helmet, and the remembrance that it is your gift, will stimulate me to behave bravely, and deserve your approbation.

KING. My son, you show a laudable ambition to excel: direct it to the most excellent objects, and it will guide you to the path of true honour; but beware of confining your ideas of merit to warlike exploits alone. The arts of peace conduce more to the happiness of mankind, than all the conquests history records. Select such of our noble progenitors, for your imitation, as have shown themselves the fathers of their people, by civilizing and

improving their manners, solicitous of diffusing virtue and tranquillity among every rank of their subjects.

CHARLES. But surely those kings are to be esteemed the greatest heroes, who courageously headed their troops, and extended the limits of their kingdoms by their victories.

KING. They are regarded in that light by those that do not consider that the prosperity of a nation consists more in the virtue of its inhabitants, than in the extent of its territory. A true hero, in public or private life, is he who has learned to renounce his personal-gratification, in order to confer happiness on others. A conqueror increases his own dominions, by diminishing those of the princes unhappily situated on his frontier. What would your opinion be of a person who wished to enlarge his estate, and, that he might accomplish his design, seized the fields contiguous to it, belonging to a neighbour less powerful than himself.

CHARLES. I should declare him both dishonest and ungenerous; because he had taken

that which did not belong to him, and had attacked a man that had not provoked him, who was unable to resent the injury.

**KING.** The same principles of immutable justice apply to kings and private persons; therefore, according to this decision, Charles, many of those heroes you have been accustomed to admire, will be reduced to the characters of oppressors and plunderers. Had Alexander the Great employed his extraordinary talents in civilizing the Macedonians, instead of depopulating the earth, we should probably have heard less of him; but his subjects would have reaped much greater advantages from his reign, and his life would have been truly useful; whereas his ambition rendered him the scourge of his fellow creatures. Divest his most brilliant victories of the false glare that adorns them, and little remains but carnage and misery. Songs of triumph attend the conqueror's car, which drown the lamentations of those made wretched by his success.

**CHARLES.** I cannot deny the truth of your remarks, though it is with the greatest

reluctance I resign my favourite heroes to the reproach you cast upon them. Must I consider all warriors as pests of society?

KING. A patriot king never unsheaths his sword for the prosecution of wars created by his ambition: the defence of his country is the only cause that can rouse him to action. Confine your ardour to that point alone, lest your thirst for glory expose your people to misery, when you ascend the throne. Alfred the Great, of England, so justly renowned for his heroic qualities, had spirit to expel those invaders who had driven him into exile; and wisdom, when he had subdued them, to apply himself to the internal government of his kingdom. The beneficial effects of his institutions are still remembered with gratitude; their influence is felt to this day, and endears his memory to posterity, as the universal benefactor of mankind. Copy this example, and lay aside your helmet till you are required to wear it, in chastising the insolent attacks of an unprovoked enemy.

## CARLOMAN, KING OF FRANCE.

**B**EFORE agriculture had made sufficient progress to clear away the forests that spread over a vast tract of land in different parts of Europe, and harboured a great variety of savage beasts that were hostile to man, hunting the wild boar was a favourite diversion with persons of rank, because the address requisite in these vigorous exercises partook of the military spirit of the times; for the chase might be considered as a feeble representation of the field of battle: the conquerors in both were regarded with honour; both being attended with their respective dangers. Indeed, serious consequences frequently befel the hunters, in the contest with this furious animal, which, when hard pushed, sometimes turned hastily round, and attacked his assailants with his sharp tusks: on such occasions, dexterity and courage were equally necessary to avoid

the blow, and escape the threatened destruction. Nor were the attacks of the boar alone to be dreaded; many other accidents frequently attended this amusement; the javelins of the hunters were liable to miss their aim, and inflict the blow, which was intended for the prey, on any of the company who were situated unfortunately in the way. The resentment of the injury was greatly to be apprehended, if the sufferer was of superior quality to the person who was the unoffending cause of the accident; for, in those days of barbarous ignorance, men's lives were valued in proportion to their rank; and the untimely death of a great man would have been avenged with a vindictive spirit, whilst that of a serf\* would have been considered as a matter of small importance. But even in such times of darkness there have been generous minds, who, disdaining to resent an unintentional error, have practically taught the lesson of forgiveness, and have shone as bright examples to their cotemporaries. The memory of such actions

\* A term expressive of a slave.



deserves to be preserved, as worthy of the imitation of those who live under circumstances more favourable to virtue.

## PERSONS.

Carloman, *King of France.*

Ansegard, *his mother.*

Hugh, *the Abbot.*

Duke Boson.

Count Albruin.

*Physician, Attendants, &c.*

*Duke Boson and Count Albruin.*

DUKE BOSON. Have you heard of the dreadful accident that has befallen the king?

COUNT ALBRUIN. No; business has detained me in the city all the morning; I am now going to attend his majesty: what misfortune has happened to him?

DUKE BOSON. He has received a wound from a javelin in the thigh, whether by chance or design, is difficult to determine; for the most amiable monarchs are exposed to ene-

mies, from the elevation of their rank, and the impossibility of giving equal satisfaction to all parties. The painful task of imparting this fatal disaster to Ansegard devolves on me; how will her tender heart be pierced, with hearing of the danger of a son so deservedly dear to her!

COUNT ALBRUIN. Perhaps the wound is not of so much consequence as you apprehend. The king, though young, is temperate; his moderation may be the means of preserving him from fever.—What is the physician's opinion?

DUKE BOSON. The dejection expressed in his countenance confirms our fears more than his words: he seems reluctant to deliver his sentiments. The women's are too precious to lose thus: I must see the Queen Dowager, and acquaint her with this afflicting news.

COUNT ALBRUIN. I will hasten to the king; my poor services may be of some use. Adieu; I trust your fears have augmented the evil.

[*They separate.*]

*An Apartment in the Queen's Palace.**Queen attended by her Ladies.**[A Servant enters.]*

SERVANT. Duke Boson entreats permission to speak to your majesty; upon a subject of the utmost importance.

QUEEN. Let him be admitted immediately. What business of consequence can he have to communicate! I fear something is wrong. *[Enter Duke Boson.]* Your face betrays the nature of your message; tell me at once the extent of my misfortune, for I cannot doubt but you have evil tidings to relate.

DUKE BOSON. Most unwillingly am I the messenger of unpleasant news; but the matter must be disclosed to your majesty. The king, my gracious master, has received an injury in the chase, from an erring javelin; the weapon has pierced his thigh. The wound is painful, but great hopes are to be entertained from his youth and the regularity of his life.

QUEEN. I could not have been assailed in a tenderer part. Free from the slavery of female weakness, I have borne the strokes of fortune, on other occasions, with determined resolution, but here my fortitude fails. How can I bear to see thee suffer! Oh, my son! my dutiful, affectionate son! how can I relinquish thee! The bare idea of such a loss chills my heart, and deprives me of all firmness.

DUKE BOSON. In the most trying situations, you have hitherto displayed a constancy superior to your sex: suffer not despair to overwhelm you now. Your son may be restored; he may soon recover, and repay your maternal anxiety by fresh marks of filial attachment. His present state requires more than tears and lamentations; it calls for the exertion of all your powers, to give him advice and afford him consolation. In this extremity, the greatness of your mind surely will not permit you to abandon yourself to a useless and inactive grief, by which he will be deprived of the advantage of your presence. A few moments of calm reflection will over-

come the surprise this intelligence has occasioned. Give me orders to inform his majesty, that you will visit him presently in his sick chamber.

QUEEN. Tell him what you think proper. I will endeavour to become tranquil; and as soon as I can regain my presence of mind, I will attend him.

*The King's Chamber.*

[*The King in bed, attended by Duke Boson, Count Albruin, Hugh the Abbot, and other Lords of his Court; the Physicians standing by the bed-side. Enter Queen, followed by several Ladies. She embraces the King with tender solicitude.*

QUEEN. How fares my son? Doctor, what encouragement do you give your royal patient?

PHYSICIAN. My principal dependance is on rest and quietness. The wound is deep and in a critical part: the hand that guided the javelin took too true an aim.

HUGH THE ABBOT. Has the miscreant

been discovered that perpetrated the vile deed.

COUNT ALBUIN. The most diligent enquiry has been made, but no certainty has hitherto been obtained. One of the royal grooms is confined on suspicion. If he make no confession before to-morrow, he will be put to the torture, which will most probably induce him to acknowledge himself guilty of the crime, or to point out the culpable person.

CARLOMAN. Let me not hear of torture. I will not suffer any of my subjects to be punished for an accident that perhaps was caused by a push of the boar. There is no proof that the wound was made by a javelin; and still less reason to suppose that it was effected by design. I have always endeavoured to deserve the love of my people, and reign in their hearts; and their conduct has invariably shown attachment and loyalty. Why should I suspect myself the object of their hatred at the moment I am going to leave them? for I sensibly feel the hand of death upon me. I die in friendship with all

the world, and forgiveness of my enemies, if unhappily I have any; particularly the man who may possibly have been the innocent cause of my death; and I leave it with you, my dear mother, as my last and earnest request, that no further search may be made, or any person suffer on this account.

PHYSICIAN. The king faints.

DUKE BOSON. Hasten the queen into another room. I fear he will never recover this attack. [*The queen retires in extreme grief.*]

HUGH THE ABBOT. Generous young man, superior in the qualities of thy mind to thy elevated rank, or the natural desire of retaliating an injury. Thy moderation and humanity will be remembered, when the splendid victories of thy cotemporary kings will be forgotten.

COUNT ALBRUIN. He sinks! he dies! France never lost a monarch of more amiable virtues. Gentle in disposition, condescending to his inferiors, and feeling for his fellow men as brethren, he lived beloved by his subjects, and his loss will be lamented by them with real, not affected regret.

## THE PETITION OF GAYASHUTA.

THE beauty, simplicity, and persuasive eloquence of the following original composition, (communicated to me by a friend,) is the only apology I shall offer for giving it a place among these Dialogues, though differing from them in form. It is the address of an Indian Chief, to the descendants of William Penn, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, of whom I shall mention some particulars hereafter. Onas is the Indian word for *quill*. Their language does not furnish one for pen, writing in the European manner being unknown to them.

## TO THE SONS OF ONAS.

*The speech of Gayashuta, of the Seneca Nation, as given in charge by him to the Corn Planter, to be by him delivered to the sons of his old beloved brother Onas.*

*“ Brothers, the Sons of my beloved Brother Onas,*

*“ When I was young and strong, our country was full of game, which the Good*



Spirits sent for us to live upon. The lands which belonged to us were extended far beyond where we hunted. I, and the people of my nation, had enough to eat, and always something to give to our friends when they entered our cabins; and we rejoiced when they received it from us. Hunting was then not tiresome;—it was diversion—it was pleasure. Brothers, when your fathers asked land from my nation, we gave it them, for we had more than enough. Gayashuta was among the first of the people to say, ‘Give land to our brother Onas, for he wants it; and he has always been a friend to Onas and to his children.

“ Brothers! your fathers saw Gayashuta when he was young; when he had not even thought of old age or of weakness; but you are too far off to see him, now he is grown old. He is very old and feeble, and he wonders at his own shadow, it is become so little. He has no children to take care of him; and the game is driven away by the white people: so that his younger friends must hunt all the day long to find game for themselves to eat;

they have nothing left for Gayashuta! And it is not Gayashuta only who is become old and feeble: there yet remain about thirty men of your old friends, who, unable to provide for themselves, or to help one another, are become poor, and are hungry and naked.

“Brothers! Gayashuta sends you a belt, which he received long ago from your fathers, and a writing which he received but as yesterday from one of you. By these you will remember him and the old friends of your fathers in his nation.

“Brothers! look on this belt, and this writing; and if you remember the old friends of your fathers, consider their former friendship and their present distress. And if the Good Spirit shall put it into your hearts to comfort them in their old age, do not disregard his counsel. We are men, and therefore can only tell you, that we are old and feeble, and hungry and naked; and that we have no other friends but you, the children of our beloved Onas.”

This pathetic epistle is a sufficient testimonial of the esteem and regard in which Wil-

liam Penn was held by the Indians, who lived upon the borders of his territory. He was no less endeared to them by the urbanity and gentleness of his manners, than by his integrity and justice, which he manifested in every transaction with them; disdaining to take a mean advantage of their ignorance or weakness, but fairly purchasing those lands they were willing to spare, (though previously granted to him by the crown,) at the price they put upon them, which consisted mostly of clothes, tools, and such utensils as they could not procure among themselves, money being useless to them. By this wise conduct he gained the friendship of this poor people, and purchased, at a cheap rate, a rich inheritance for his descendants. This great man was born in the year 1644. In very early life, he abandoned all the views of interest and promotion that his birth and intimacy with James the Second, at that time Duke of York, entitled him to expect, and joined himself to the people called Quakers, among whom he became a very eminent minister, and an able de-

fender of their principles, in the support of which he suffered imprisonment, and many hardships, with exemplary fortitude. The manly firmness that he displayed in maintaining what he believed to be truth, was equalled by the toleration he showed towards others of different sentiments; a conduct which he asserted to be essential to Christianity. The strict morality of his life, concurring with the sincerity of his faith, in time reconciled his father and the rest of his friends to the change he had adopted in religious profession; and he regained their favour and affection, of which this circumstance had deprived him. In 1681 he received a grant of a considerable tract of land on the western side of the river Delaware, in North America, as a compensation for some debts due from government to his father, Sir William Penn. This valuable acquisition induced him to leave his native country, and cross the Atlantic, in order to cultivate and civilize the province bestowed upon him, which is now called Pennsylvania, or the Woods of Penn. The wisdom and policy of his institutions have ranked his name

among those of the legislators of the first class. Mr. Barry has placed him between Solon and Alfred, in the centre of his celebrated picture of the Elysian Fields, which adorns one side of the room appropriated to the use of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences, as a due tribute of praise to the memory of this man of peace.

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REPENTANCE OF HENRY, SON OF HENRY  
THE SECOND, KING OF ENGLAND.

**P**RINCES are more exposed to various temptations than persons in the middle rank of life. The different motives of interest, that actuate those that surround them, are frequently the springs of their actions, though unknown to themselves. Nor is this observation confined to their conduct in public affairs, but extends to the privacy of their domestic concerns. How many instances does history afford, of princes being excited to rebel against their fathers by the real enemies of both;

although, professedly, friends to the royal youth, whom they corrupt by their criminal counsels! Henry the Second, king of England, was wise and valiant, and by the prudent management of his affairs, rendered his dominions at once flourishing and successful; but the satisfaction he might have enjoyed from such a state of prosperity, was embittered, in the decline of life, by the undutiful behaviour of his children, whose disobedience and rebellion were encouraged by his rival, Louis the Seventh of France. The reflection that he also was a father, and liable to be assailed in the same tender point, should have restrained him from the treachery and guilt of seducing his son-in-law from that duty and allegiance he owed to the author of his birth: for Henry, eldest son of the king of England, had married Margaret, daughter of the French monarch, and, by this tie, he became closely united to him. Louis, ambitious of aggrandizing his daughter, instigated the young prince to demand, in the most unreasonable manner, to share the kingdom with his father during his life time; but king

Henry had too much spirit and resolution to comply with such an improper proposal. The refusal, though tempered with many marks of affection, was ill received by young Henry, who joined himself in several conspiracies with the enemies of his country and family, against one of the best of parents. Every rank of society, from the throne to the cottage, is equally obliged to submit to the laws imposed on man by his Creator. The sure consequence of wickedness is repentance. The most poignant remorse seized this unnatural son, when he had no longer an opportunity of showing, by continued tenderness, the unfeigned sincerity of his repentance. On a sick bed, in a foreign country, with the prospect of approaching death, he beheld the actions of his past life in their true light. He looked back—but with what regret! He had but a small space of time, even to assure his father that he was a penitent, much less was it in his power to heal the wounds his want of affection had caused in the parental bosom. What he could do he did not then

neglect; he dispatched a messenger, with the greatest speed, to that fond father whom he had so repeatedly offended, entreating his forgiveness, and most earnestly desiring that he would favour him with his presence; but that alas! was a happiness he was never to enjoy again. The Archbishop of Bourdeaux was commissioned by the king to convey his pardon and benediction. The interview between him and the dying prince is well adapted to affect and interest the feelings of the mind in an instructive manner, and to excite all children to the practice of the filial duties they owe their parents, whilst they are permitted time and opportunity to express their gratitude and affection in the daily intercourse of social life.—

*A royal Apartment in the Castle of Martel. The attendants surround the Prince's bed, with countenances expressive of sorrow, whilst the Archbishop of Bourdeaux is introduced to his presence.*

**PRINCE HENRY.** (*Raising himself with great emotion.*) My good Archbishop, you



bring me tidings from my father:—may I solace myself with the fond hope that he will condescend to listen to my deep repentance; that he will believe my protestations sincere, when I declare that nothing but his pardon for my repeated offences can afford me any comfort in this awful hour! May I dare to flatter myself that his tenderness for an unworthy penitent will plead for me, and prevail with him to visit me and bestow his last blessing upon me, as a testimony of his forgiveness!

ARCHBISHOP. The king your royal father was greatly affected by the news of your indisposition, and received your message of contrition with every mark of that paternal affection which he has always manifested towards his children. His mind, superior to the feelings of resentment, was only sensible to the circumstances of your present situation: he lamented your illness with expressions of the most lively sorrow; and, desirous of alleviating the smallest of your sufferings, would have set out immediately, to administer, in

person, that consolation of which you stand in need.

PRINCE HENRY. Has any thing prevented him from executing this indulgent design?

ARCHBISHOP. His faithful ministers, solicitous for the preservation of a king so deservedly dear to his people, remonstrated against his exposing himself to the dangers of so long a journey; representing to him that he owed the care of his person to the welfare of his subjects.

PRINCE HENRY. And has he entirely relinquished his intention? Alas! I fear that he suspected treachery, and was apprehensive of trusting himself in my power. How justly have I incurred this want of confidence; and especially from him, who had always the most undoubted claim to my fidelity and allegiance. Unhappy that I am! I shall never behold him more! His refusal overwhelms me with shame and despair. What assurance can I give him of my change of heart? He puts no dependance on my promises, so often broken. Could he but wit-

ness my tears, my sorrow, my unfeigned repentance, my resolutions for the future, (should Heaven listen to my prayers for a few years of life, to make reparation for those I have so shamefully misused,) he would lay aside all suspicion, and look upon me once more as his son: he would forgive me; he would come and receive my penitential submission.

ARCHBISHOP. He wanted no motives to urge him to hasten his journey; the difficulty was to restrain him. A king is not at liberty to follow the impulse of his private feelings as a man, but is obliged to sacrifice them to his public duty. His heart glowed with the affection of a father; he thought of nothing but how to assure you of his sympathy and love.—Does your Highness recollect this ring?

PRINCE HENRY. My father's ring! Give it me, as a sacred pledge of his returning favour.—Oh, precious testimony of pardon, let me press thee to my lips!

[*Kisses the ring.*]

ARCHBISHOP. He took it from his finger

and sent it to you, as a token of his entire reconciliation, and at the same time bestowed his paternal blessing upon you, recommending you to compose your troubled spirits, and aspire after patience and resignation to the dispensations of unerring Wisdom.

PRINCE HENRY. I perceive plainly that I shall never have the satisfaction of seeing him again; but I accept his forgiveness with a grateful heart, and shall resign my breath with the consolatory reflection, that he has received me again as his son. May my example have a proper influence upon the mind of my brother. When I shall be no more, if you have any friendship for me, hasten to him, paint my remorse and despair in the strongest colours, and assure him, upon the faith of a dying man, that there is no peace for those who rebel against their parents. Tell him, that it is my last request that he will humble himself and seek to be reconciled to his father, before the season of health is past; lest, like me, he should not have time to give continued proofs of his sincerity, by a long course of affection and obedience, for

successive years. Should he hesitate compliance, let him remember the death-bed of his brother, and beware of deserving such a fate.



THE SORROWS OF REPENTANCE SUCCEED  
THE GRATIFICATION OF REVENGE.

**T**HE melancholy effects of passion and prejudice, occur frequently in every scene of life. Anger, when unrestrained, reduces the wise man and the fool to the same level; nay more, the intoxication of passion has in a moment overturned the best resolutions of the virtuous, and forgetful of those principles by which his conduct has generally been guided, he has been precipitated into actions characteristic only of the most abandoned. Not history alone, but the ordinary transactions of private families, are full of incidents that prove the truth of this position, and the necessity of checking the earliest propensity to sudden anger and hastiness of temper.

Those who are addicted to this vice often console themselves with remarking, that it is but the involuntary fever of a moment; that although they are hasty, they are superior to the feelings of resentment, or the suggestions of malice; without reflecting, that in the space of that momentary heat, they may unfortunately lay the foundation of bitter repentance for the remainder of their lives. Intent on gratifying the present desire of satiating their displeasure, the tormenting accusations of conscience are concealed from their view, till it be too late to recal the consequences of their imprudent fervour. The still, small voice of that inward monitor is seldom heard amidst the turbulence of conflicting passions; but when they have subsided, and time affords opportunity for cool reflection, she reassumes her empire, and inflicts those penalties that are annexed to guilt, with the most unerring certainty, as the sure price of deviating from the path of rectitude. The occurrence that forms the subject of the subsequent dialogue will illustrate the folly and wickedness of yielding to the impulse of anger, and the

power of conscience over those minds that are not hardened by the habitual practice of vice. Montford, though influenced, by a strong emotion of revenge, for great and repeated injuries that he had received from Clisson, to the perpetration of an action that violated every principle of honour and justice, was, notwithstanding, of an amiable disposition, and had displayed, on many trying occasions, instances of his generosity, humanity, and moderation. If such a man could be led to commit an act of treachery, dissimulation, perfidy, and murder, by the impulse of violent passion, how needful does it appear that every individual should repel its first attacks, and study to attain self-possession and a well-regulated mind. Let each one apply the moral to his own heart, and guard with caution the avenues to evil.

## PERSONS.

Montford—*Duke of Brittany.*

Oliver de Clisson—*Constable of France.*

The Lord of Laval.

John de Bavalan.—*Governor of the Castle of  
l' Hermine, belonging to the Duke.*

*An Apartment in the Castle.*

*Montford and Laval.*

LAVAL. Let me beseech your grace to consider the fatal consequences of betraying the constable, when, from unsuspecting confidence, he has put himself into your power. Honour, and the sanctity of your protection, require his immediate release.

MONTFORD. I have taken my resolution, and nothing shall move me to alter it.

LAVAL. Let my prayers prevail with you to recal that declaration, so injurious to yourself. The deed will blast your fame for ever. Will you suffer it to be said that the Duke of Brittany arose from the convivial board of his enemy Clisson, and, under the mask of reconciliation, invited him to enter his castle, professing to desire his opinion of the fortifications, and then seduced him, under false pretences, into the principal tower, to detain him there as his prisoner!—Forbid



it justice! forbid it every noble principle of truth and humanity!

MONTFORD. Vengeance is now in my own hands; and shall your punctilious scruples deprive me of such a fortunate opportunity of retaliating the many cruel injuries I have suffered from his brutal insolence? He does not deserve to be treated with generosity. When victorious, blood and ferocity have always marked his way. Let him repeat his crimes in the dungeon I have prepared for him.

LAVAL. I dread the effects that must follow. You will be the greatest sufferer. He can be deprived of life only; but the remembrance of this affair will stamp your reputation with eternal disgrace.

MONTFORD. Laval, I have long valued your friendship, though, if you do not desist from these reproaches, I shall no longer regard you as a friend, but as an impertinent intruder, whom I shall instantly drive from my presence.

LAVAL. At no time have I ever given you a sincerer proof of my fidelity, than at

this moment; but since it is unwelcome, I will withdraw, ardently hoping that your anger may cool, before it be too late to retrieve your injured honour.

*Montford, and John de Bavalan.*

**MONTFORD.** Have you obeyed my instructions with respect to your prisoner Clisson? Is he heavily fettered, and kept under close confinement?

**JOHN DE BAVALAN.** I have strictly observed the directions I received.

**MONTFORD.** My further commands are, that in the dead of the night, when every suspicious eye is asleep, you will complete my revenge, by enclosing this blood-thirsty villain in a sack, and consigning him to the deep, from whence he will never again trouble my presence.

**JOHN DE BAVALAN.** [*Kneels.*] On my knees I entreat your grace to spare me so base an office. Lay aside a design that can only reflect disgrace and reproach on your well-earned laurels.

**MONTFORD.** I did not send for you to

consult you, but to make known my will, which I expect you will perform without hesitation.

JOHN DE BEVALAN. At least suffer me to persuade you to defer the execution of this project till to-morrow. You may then, perhaps, view it in its true light, and see that it must stain that honour, which you have always cherished without blemish.

MONTFORD. I will hear no further arguments. Obey my orders, or you shall pay the forfeit of disobedience with your head.

JOHN DE BAVALAN. Most reluctantly do I submit to your commands. [*Exit.*]

MONTFORD.

[*Sitting in a loose gown, alone in his chamber, at the dawn of morning.*]

In vain does the blushing east announce the return of morning, inviting all nature to rejoice at the approach of another day. To me it brings nothing but additional misery, from the poignancy of my own reflections. Had it been but possible to have

recalled the fatal mandate before the hour appointed for its execution. Ah, wretched me! what avails my unseasonable repentance. [*He pauses.*] Does not a gleam of hope arise through this dreadful gloom, in the possibility of Bavalan's disobedience?—But here he comes, to confirm or dissipate my just apprehensions.

*Enter John de Bavalan.*

JOHN DE BAVALAN. I come to inform your grace, that I have punctually executed your orders. Your enemy is no more, but has suffered the penalty due to his cruelty and injustice.

MONTFORD. Most miserable news!—Why were my commands so precipitately obeyed? This officious haste is most unwelcome. A faithful minister should delay the performance of those mandates which are given when the mind is clouded with passion.

JOHN DE BAVALAN. You were so very peremptory and decisive, that I dare not to disobey you.

MONTFORD. Your fatal rashness has un-

done me. I shall never again support the sight of my fellow creatures. Every one will point at me for the foul dishonour with which I have debased myself. Hide me for ever from observation. Carry me to some dark chamber, where the light never intrudes.

JOHN DE BAVALAN. I have no extenuation to plead for my conduct, but implicit obedience to the commands of my master.

MONTFORD. Avoid my presence for your presumption. You should have distinguished the dictates of passion from those of reason. Suffer no one to approach me. I will expiate my crime by abstaining from sustenance. Life is become hateful to me; I cannot support the consciousness of my own guilt.

*Montford and John de Bavalan.*

JOHN DE BAVALAN. Permit me once more to disturb your retirement. I was afraid to confess in the morning that I had not obeyed your commands, lest your displeasure against Clisson should revive.

MONTFORD. What do I hear!—Does he yet live!—Have you saved me from disgrace,

and the insupportable reflection of having been guilty of an act of treachery and baseness, towards an enemy trappaned into my hands!

JOHN DE BAVALAN. He lives, and is in safety!—Assured that the noble generosity of your nature would return, upon the cool consideration of an act that could only result from the momentary influence of passion, I ventured to preserve him, at the risque of not complying with your positive injunctions. Forgive me this first instance of disobedience. Loyalty; and a zeal for your honour, were my motives, and I trust will fully apologize for my conduct. [*Montford rises and embraces him with warmth.*]

MONTFORD. Guardian of the purity of my fame! let me thank you for thus preserving me from myself. What recompense can I offer as an adequate acknowledgment of my gratitude. Words cannot express my sensations at the joy I feel at this unexpected relief from misery. To you I am indebted for whatever future good life has in store for me.

My friend! my deliverer! name your reward for this proof of your loyal attachment.

JOHN DE BAVALAN. I ask no other reward than the peace of mind that awaits a consciousness of inward rectitude; sufficiently happy that I have had an opportunity of preventing you from tarnishing your reputation, by a deed unworthy of your illustrious name.

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#### THE NATURE OF TRUE RICHES.

**P**EOPLE of superficial observation are apt to imagine that wealth consists in the possession of the precious metals only; not perceiving that although they are the means of procuring necessary accommodations, in a state of civilized society, of themselves they can add but little to our enjoyment, except from the ideas that are associated with them. Corn, wine, and oil, and a land flowing with milk and honey, were the temporal blessings promised to the Israelites; which in-

structs us that the real wealth of nations is composed of those natural substances that supply us with nourishing food, or clothing to defend our bodies from the inclemency of the seasons. An abundant harvest of wholesome grain, and pastures covered with numerous flocks of cattle and sheep, would present a far more pleasing prospect of plenty and happiness, to a man unprejudiced by the false notions of wealth adopted in social life, than the most valuable mines of gold and diamonds. Nature, with the tenderness of a provident mother, has enriched the surface of this terrestrial globe with those productions that are most necessary to our comfort, and require industry and cultivation alone to procure them in sufficient quantities, without exposing our lives to danger, or undergoing hardships that are beyond our powers. But the treasures that are less useful she has consigned to deep recesses, where those who are inflamed with a desire of obtaining them, must not only dare the most terrible disasters, and death in some of its most frightful forms, but are obliged to forego those pleasures that arise from the con-



templation of the beauties of creation and the comforts of society. Toil, difficulty, and frequently disappointment, are the end of their labour. Compare the occupations of a miner with those of a shepherd or a husbandman, and the preference is obvious: however, circumstances and a strong natural bias overcome all obstacles, and determine some individuals to adopt every species of profession; but surely the voice of humanity pleads in favour of restraining, to a small number, those who are destined to drag out a joyless existence, in the dark bowels of the earth, where the cheerful rays of the enlivening sun never penetrate. The wisest legislators have formed their systems on the principle of promoting agriculture, as the most beneficial of all sciences, and of encouraging its advancement by lucrative and honourable rewards. In the early ages of the world, the inventor of any important discovery, in the practical part of this useful branch of knowledge, was ranked, after their death, among the gods. Minerva is supposed to have taught the art of spinning and preparing wool for the loom;

and Ceres to have discovered the method of raising corn. Their grateful countrymen, sensible of the advantages they reaped from the exertion of their talents, perpetuated their memory, by building temples and raising altars to their honour.

PERSONS.

Ti-hoang, *Emperor of China,*

Kang-hi, *a Mandarin.*

Yang-ti, *a Merchant.*

Chiang, *a Manufacturer.*

Hio, *a Farmer.*

*Ti-hoang, seated on a throne, attended by Mandarins, administering justice.*

KANG-HI, (*Bowing to the ground.*) Sacred Emperor, true fountain of honour, your late proclamation, promising to bestow rewards upon those who can produce inventions that shall be useful, either in science or in art, has drawn many claimants, who boast of being entitled to your bounty, and are waiting without till you please to examine their pretensions.

TI-HOANG. The throne which supports us, is the seat of Mercy and Justice. We are entrusted with power, in order to do good. Can we perform that pious office more effectually, for the benefit of our people, than by encouraging industry and punishing idleness? The man, of whatever rank, who devotes his time and talents to the improvement of those arts which contribute to the happiness and accommodation of the human race, may truly be called a benefactor to his species, and is entitled not only to the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, but to the rewards of royal munificence. Order these persons into our presence, that we may form a judgment of the merit of their claims, and appoint to each one a recompense proportioned to the utility of his discovery.

*Kang-hi withdraws and returns soon after, introducing Yang-ti, Chiang, and Hio.*

CHIANG. Mighty sovereign, the woollen manufactory is the employment in which I have been brought up. The property I in-

herited from my father has preserved me from the servility of manual labour, and has afforded me sufficient leisure to apply my mind to the improvement of the art by which I gain a livelihood. Stimulated by your patronage of useful inventions, I redoubled my efforts to facilitate the process of spinning and weaving wool into stuffs of the finest texture, and have succeeded, by the construction of a machine that produces yarn of more exquisite fineness than that spun by the most skilful hand. By this means I am enabled to excel my competitors in the same branch of business, both in the superior quality of my goods, and the reduction of my prices. The advantage resulting from the use of this machine is so evident, that I cannot entertain a doubt, that, as soon as it is made public, it will be universally adopted.

**TI-HOANG.** What is your profession, and the merit that urges you to make this application?

**HIO.** Agriculture has been my occupation from my infancy, and continues to be my delight and amusement. The superfluities of

my emoluments have been always applied to the perfecting my favourite study, by making experiments in husbandry; and I have appropriated a certain portion of my land to the same purpose. After many expensive projects, I have discovered a method of artificially watering my rice grounds, whenever I think them too dry, and of draining off the water again after they have received sufficient moisture. The success has repaid me with interest, by the fertility which crowns my fields. Smiling harvests mark the boundaries of my farm, whilst those of my neighbours are blasted by unpropitious seasons, and languish from continued drought.

**TI-HOANG.** Let the next claimant declare his title to our favour.

**YANG-TI.** My title, most powerful of monarchs, surpasses those that have preceded me. Their improvements have their value, but are employed upon gross commodities, and are more important to low manufacturers and peasants than to the great; whilst my discovery will not only enrich myself, but will bring vast treasures into the public coffers.

The object of my researches is the hidden wealth of mines; and I challenge any one to come forward, and prove himself superior in the art. Many veins of the inferior metals I have found out, that have produced large profits to their possessors, who have recompensed me liberally for my skill and perseverance; but never did I raise my hopes so high as to suppose that fortune would direct me to so invaluable a source of riches. There is a certain mountain in one of the distant provinces that I was exploring for gold; but who can speak my raptures, upon discovering that it was filled with mines of diamonds of the finest water, the largest size, and the purest grain! With full confidence in your majesty's approbation, I submit my pretensions to the highest prize to your generous decision, not doubting that you will dispose of your bounty according to merit.

TI-HOANG. Come forward, Hio, and receive from our hand a reward, at once honourable and profitable. The utility of your pursuits elevates you above the rank of your equals: besides the prize destined to the most

excellent invention, we shall ennoble you, by raising you to the order of Mandarins. Manufactures are secondary to agriculture, therefore we adjudge the next prize to Chiang. Industry and ingenuity are not sufficient to render a man useful to his country, unless they are directed to objects that are of public benefit: if these talents are perverted to trifling or pernicious designs, they become baneful to the community they were intended to serve, as well as to the individual who is in possession of them. The finder of diamonds may depart, and close up those avenues to luxury and false wealth, the advantages of which he has so much boasted, tending only to corrupt the morals of the people, by converting that labour which should procure bread for the hungry, and clothes for the naked, into useless toil, for the glittering toys of pride and ambition. A mine of diamonds may amuse the curious, and gratify the taste of the opulent, but cannot supply a bushel of corn to alleviate the wants of a starving people.

MUSTAPHA ZARÍ, A TURKISH MERCHANT.

**T**HE incident upon which the following dialogue turns, is one proof among thousands, that virtue is the offspring of all the various modes of religious faith of all countries, ranks, and professions, and teaches us to extend our candour and benevolence to the good of every denomination. It is a lamentable truth, that many of those who dignify themselves with the name of Christians, are greatly surpassed in the practice of moral duties, by men who have not been favoured with the glorious light of the gospel; a clear testimony that it is much easier to shelter vice under an exalted name, and the exact performance of exalted rites, than to regulate the actions and restrain the passions, within those limits that revelation and reason prescribe. Religion, which is the foundation of morals, is a work of the heart, and can only be promoted by guarding that source of good and evil with the greatest



caution.—Those affections and desires which are natural to us as men, adorn our nature, whilst preserved in moderation; but when indulged to excess, they deform and injure us by their tendency to lead us into the paths of vice. Thus, an inordinate desire of wealth degenerates into covetousness, which, if not checked by principle, would proceed beyond the bounds of strict honesty, when an opportunity of gain is presented, free from risk of exposure. Men engaged in commercial pursuits are in most danger of such temptations. In making contracts, they are too apt to be unmindful of the nice distinctions of justice; either over-rating those commodities they have to dispose of, or undervaluing the article they intend to purchase. The merchant who preserves an unblemished integrity, and disdains the low chicanery of trade, affords a model of excellence, well deserving the imitation of every one engaged in traffic, whether on an extensive or a limited scale. Mustapha Zari was such a character, though a Mahomedan. He resided at Constantinople, and traded in silks, in which he was joined by Monsieur de

Vaubrun, a French merchant of considerable eminence, who, being recalled to Europe by some family concerns, was obliged to dissolve the connexion and take leave of the friendly Turk. The subsequent transaction happened at the time of their separation, and is the best illustration of the disinterested uprightness of the Mussulman.

*An Apartment in Mustapha Zari's house.*

*Mustapha Zari and Monsieur de Vaubrun.*

DE VAUBRUN. I have lately received letters from France, which bring me intelligence of the death of my father's elder brother. As he has left no children, I am his heir, and shall come into the possession of a good estate, sufficient to enable me to live comfortably, free from the cares of business; whilst it will supply me with employment that will fill my time agreeably: for I intend to be my own steward, and inspect the concerns of my tenants myself; as a life of idleness would be rather a punishment than an indulgence to me, who have been always ac-

customed to activity. The pleasure of obtaining an easy competency is diminished by my regret at leaving you, my dear friend; for this circumstance obliges me to embark immediately for my native country. It will therefore be necessary to settle our accounts, and dissolve the partnership as soon as possible.

MUSTAPHA. I cannot lose a person I so highly value, and whose fidelity I have so often experienced, without reluctance; but the recollection of your happy change of fortune ought to reconcile me to my destiny. May you long enjoy all the blessings of prosperity and affluence, sometimes remembering Mustapha, who will never lose the impression your repeated acts of kindness have engraved on his heart. Regularity in accounts I have always considered as essentially necessary to an upright tradesman. Mine are ready for inspection at any moment. I have only to refer to my books, to name the balance between us. [*He goes to a desk and opens some books.*] Be pleased to examine them yourself, and you will perceive that you are indebted to me nine hundred sequins.

DE VAUBRUN. I acknowledge the justice of your claim, and shall pay it willingly. Open those bags and count the money, I believe that you will find that they contain the exact sum that is your due.

MUSTAPHA. Far be it from me to mistrust my friend. Your word is all the satisfaction I require. You have acted with the nicest honour during the course of our transactions, and shall I suspect you of falsehood, when we are upon the point of exchanging an eternal adieu? I will not break one of the seals; it would be a lasting imputation upon the sincerity of my professions of esteem.

DE VAUBRUN. Generous Turk, you judge of the integrity of others by the purity of your own bosom. May your unsuspecting frankness never be imposed upon by the artful designs of villainy. The time of my departure hastens. I have some affairs to transact before I leave this city; therefore, I must bid you farewell, wishing you all manner of prosperity and happiness.

MUSTAPHA. Adieu, my friend! Should your affairs need any service in this country,

command me, without hesitation, at all times; for I shall rejoice to have an opportunity of being useful to you.

*Mustapha Zari, and a Merchant.*

MUSTAPHA. I suppose you are come to receive the money I owe you, for those goods I lately bought of you.

MERCHANT. You conjecture rightly; times are hard and money scarce, or I should not trouble you so soon. The sum is fifteen hundred sequins: no trifle in the course of trade; for, well employed, it will bring a handsome profit, which I cannot afford to lose by letting it lie dormant.

MUSTAPHA. There needs no apology for asking for your own. I have prepared it for you. Here are six hundred sequins, and the remaining nine hundred are enclosed in those five sealed bags. I have not counted the money in them: you have them as I received them, upon the faith of a most worthy, honest man, with whom I have been in partnership for years. He has just left me, his

affairs obliging him to return to his home and connexions.

MERCHANT. Do you suppose that I will take money upon the faith of any man? You are at liberty to see with other men's eyes, if you please, but I will make use of my own. [*He unseals the bags and counts the money.*] They are all right—good morning, honest Mustapha.

MUSTAPHA. Hold, friend; you have had your way, now I must be indulged in mine. I am much accustomed to count money, and there appears to me to be a mistake: by your leave, I will tell after you. Ha! just as I suspected: my dear de Vaubrun has been in an error; he has paid me two hundred and fifty sequins over what is my due, and you had the effrontery to tell me that they were right, though counted in my presence. Take that which belongs to you, and think yourself mercifully treated, to be suffered to escape the punishment your perfidy deserves.

*Mustapha calls a Servant.*

MUSTAPHA. Saddle my swiftest mule,

and hasten to the place where Monsieur de Vaubrun is to embark. Lose not a moment, but be sure to reach him before his departure, as you value my favour. Deliver him this writing: it is of importance; and I will reward your diligence at your return.

*Mustapha Zari to Monsieur de Vaubrun.*

My friend, my sense of justice prevents me from detaining any thing beyond my right, or treating you as a European would have served me. You may remember I took the money that you paid me, when we parted, upon your credit, and having occasion to pay it away to a Dutch merchant, he chose to count it, not feeling the same confidence in my honour: by which means I discovered that there were two hundred and fifty zequins over and above the sum supposed to be in the bags, which his conscience would have suffered him to conceal, had not I detected the fraud. I return them to you as your right, supposing it arose from mistake. God prohibits all injustice.

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LORD CHATHAM (WHEN MR. PITT) AND  
THE KING OF SARDINIA.

IN collecting anecdotes of eminent persons, the general tribute that is due to virtue assimilates the heroes of different countries into one group, which interesting picture may be greatly enriched by the contributions of our favoured isle. The freedom of her government, and the wisdom of her laws, with the originality of character that distinguishes her sons from those of her continental neighbours, have united in producing citizens superlatively excellent in the various departments of literature, philosophy, and morals. In her list of patriots she yields to no nation upon earth. The love of country glows in the bosoms of all orders of her inhabitants. She has even exhibited to the world the rare example of patriot ministers—an assertion that cannot be doubted whilst the disinterested names of Chatham and Rocking-



ham remain engraven on the hearts of Englishmen. By the influence of his superior abilities, the former emerged from the retirement of a private situation to the highest offices of the state, which he filled with such a wonderful display of talents and vigour, as to retrieve our affairs from the embarrassments which, at that time, oppressed them, and raised them to the most exalted pitch of national prosperity. He became, at once, the dread of foreign enemies and the idol of his countrymen, who rewarded him with that degree of popularity that can only be bestowed by the unanimous voice of a free people; as remote from the corrupt plaudits of base sycophants, as the splendour of truth is from the glittering tinsel of falsehood. Every feature of his character was upon a great scale. His genius was vast and comprehensive—his perception clear and defined; which enabled him to adopt the most direct method of attaining the object of his pursuit. He had a great deal of ambition, but it was of that noble species that embraces the exaltation of a nation, not the paltry interests of an indivi-

dual. He was lavish of the public treasure; not for the purpose of enriching himself or his connexions, but for that of promoting the prosperity of the commonwealth. Although suffering, from his youth, under the weight of bodily infirmity, he was temperate in personal indulgence, and indefatigable in his attention to the affairs of government. After passing a long life in the service of his country, he was seized with the approach of death in the House of Lords, whilst ably defending her from the machinations of pretended friends, and the open attacks of declared enemies. This great man might, with more truth, be said to die in the bed of honour, than a mighty conqueror, when he expires upon the field of battle.

PERSONS.

Mr. Pitt.

Secretary to Mr. Pitt.

King of Sardinia.

Minister of the King of Sardinia.

Mr. Pitt and one of his private Secretaries.

SECRETARY. Half per cent. on the sub-

sidies that are paid to foreign powers, is a regular perquisite of the paymaster's office; therefore, I suppose I may place the sum arising from those granted to the King of Sardinia and the Queen of Hungary to your account.

**MR. PITT.** By no means. I did not enter the service of my country for the sake of enriching my own private purse; and as interest is not my motive, I disclaim all advantages but those conferred upon me as the legal salary of my department.

**SECRETARY.** I admire your disinterestedness; but surely you are entitled, without the least impeachment of your honour, to those perquisites, which have always been accepted, as their right, by your predecessors, whose characters have been most approved.

**MR. PITT.** The conduct of others is no rule for me to follow: the dictates of conscience are my surest guide; by them I am instructed, that whoever is entrusted with the public treasure should have clean hands and pure hearts, free from the pollution of covet-

ousness. By adopting received customs, I might easily amass riches. It has been usual to retain large sums in the paymaster's hands, which have brought several thousands annually to those in office. I do not approve the practice, and have, on that account, placed those sums in the bank, where they are not only safely deposited, but always ready to supply the exigencies of the state.

SECRETARY. Your disinterestedness is truly astonishing. This incorruptible virtue will gain great admiration, though, it is much to be feared, it will find but few imitators.

*King of Sardinia and his Minister.*

MINISTER. I have the pleasure to acquaint your majesty that the subsidy granted by the British parliament is received, attended by a very extraordinary circumstance. It has been an established custom for the paymaster of the forces to take half per cent. upon all subsidies paid to foreign courts, as a private gratuity; but the present paymaster declines it, from motives of disinterestedness,

and has sent the whole sum, undiminished by any personal claim.

**KING OF SARDINIA.** This conduct is very uncommon. That greatness of mind, which is superior to the love of riches, is an unusual quality, and is seldom found but in those characters that are distinguished from the vulgar by rare virtues and extensive talents. Mr. Pitt is an object of admiration and esteem all over Europe. Let the sum that would have belonged to him, in the usual course, be remitted to him as a royal present from me, expressive of my personal regard and approbation of his integrity.

*King of Sardinia and the same Minister.*

**MINISTER.** In compliance with your majesty's command, I have offered Mr. Pitt the sum you desired, as a testimony of your royal approbation of his disinterestedness, with respect to the subsidy. The substance of his reply is, that as the British parliament has granted the entire sum for your majesty's service, he could not conscientiously accept any part of it: that he laid claim to no merit

but that of having done his duty, which he was happy to find you approved. He concluded by entreating you not to impute his refusal to any want of respect, but to that motive alone by which he was actuated.

KING OF SARDINIA. This almost surpasses belief! Surely this Englishman is somewhat more than a mere mortal.

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MR. AND MRS. HOWARD; OR NEW YEAR'S  
DAY.

THE most familiar incident becomes important, when it throws light upon the domestic manners of those who have been celebrated as the friends of wisdom and virtue. The daily journal of such a man as the benevolent Mr. Howard, would probably excite greater desires in young minds to do good, than the most powerful persuasions to the practice of virtue. The eloquent pen of Mr. Burke has described, in such a masterly style, the occupations that filled the principal

part of this extraordinary person's time, that it is impossible to give a clearer illustration of his character, than by the following quotation. "Mr. Howard has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect medals, or collate manuscripts: but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gage and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labour is felt, more or less, in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own. He will receive, not by retail, but in gross, the reward of those who

visit the prisoner: and he has so forestalled and monopolized this branch of charity, that there will be, I trust, but little room to merit by such acts of benevolence hereafter. It is by no means incumbent on people in general to travel to distant countries for the purpose of alleviating the condition of prisoners, or visiting the sick and distressed; but it is the indispensable duty of every individual, according to their ability and circumstances, to contribute to the comfort and happiness of all, with whom they are connected, by either the ties of relationship or neighbourhood. Innumerable are the means of softening the bitterness of affliction: a kind look, a sympathetic tear, will sometimes administer consolation. Were the offices of humanity confined to the distribution of pecuniary aid, the rich only could be benevolent; but we are taught to believe that charity is a universal duty, required of all who are the followers of Jesus Christ, which leads to the conclusion, that the disposition to show kindness towards every one, is the essential part of this virtue, and equally at-



tainable by the indigent as by those who abound in wealth ”

MR. HOWARD. The commencement of a new year produces serious reflections upon the events of the past, and promising hopes for the prosperity of the future.

MRS. HOWARD. The retrospect of a year well spent affords peace to a reflecting mind; and nothing is a more effectual means of ensuring that satisfaction, than order in the disposal of time and money. It has often astonished me to observe how irregular many worthy persons are, who sincerely intend to act well; but for want of a judicious arrangement of their affairs, fail of doing half the good they might otherwise accomplish with ease.

MR. HOWARD. Your observation is just. The leisure of the affluent is frequently wasted in the most frivolous pursuits, whilst they fancy themselves oppressed with business, which might be readily dispatched by allotting a certain portion of time to useful employment, and the rest might reasonably be devoted to innocent amusement.

MRS. HOWARD. The same remarks apply

apply equally to the disposal of property. A person of moderate income is rich if he lives within his fortune, and, by wisely regulating his expences, provides a store, in case of his own wants, or the necessities of others.

MR. HOWARD. These sentiments accord with the plan we have always pursued. A limitation of the different branches of expenditure admits of a proportional allotment to charitable purposes. Nor should amusement be entirely left out of the scheme. In casting up our accounts of the past year, I find that a considerable sum remains, of our allowance, undisposed of, which I desire to appropriate to your service. Pearls are much in fashion; if you approve it, I will order a set for you at my jeweller's.

MRS. HOWARD. It is not insensibility to your kindness that inclines me to refuse your offer; but valuable ornaments are no gratification to me, whilst I have the happiness of pleasing you with the aid of simplicity alone.

MR. HOWARD. Think of some other mode of applying this sum more congenial to your

sentiments; for I insist upon devoting it wholly to you. The lakes in Westmorland are visited by most people of taste: shall we indulge ourselves with an excursion thither in the summer?

MRS. HOWARD. Travelling is very entertaining and agreeable; but I have no inclination to leave home, where I always find more happiness and enjoyment than elsewhere.

MR. HOWARD. Name some object that will obtain your preference. Will you like to add a handsome piece of plate to our side-board?

MRS. HOWARD. I am sure these proposals arise from a desire of obliging me, rather than to satisfy yourself; or, perhaps, you wish to try whether a woman can resist expensive trifles. Some plan of benevolence would be more suitable to the tenour of your general conduct. Many of our aged neighbours are compelled to suffer cold, and the inclemency of the different seasons, from the wretchedness of the hovels they inhabit.

Can the money be disposed of more agreeably to us both, than in erecting some neat, comfortable cottages, for the accommodation of their declining years?

·MR. HOWARD. Amiable woman, neither dress, pleasure, nor splendour, are able to seduce you from those superior views of softening the calamities, and increasing the comforts of all around you. The surveyor shall be sent for to-morrow, to consult with you upon the plans best adapted to the purpose. Plainness and convenience should be united in the dwellings of the poor, whilst every attention should be paid to the various means of rendering them healthy and commodious.

FINIS.

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